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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910.

The Week

For a subject that was pronounced "dead" a year ago, tariff revision is proving itself a particularly lively corpse. Both houses of Congress are giving up hours to its discussion. It is evident that the Western Republicans mean business; they are just as hot against dishonest tariff taxes now as they were during the campaign. An agitation of that kind, once started, gets rebellious ideas into the heads of the people, and will not die down. Even Senator Aldrich now perceives that the popular wrath against his handiwork cannot be laid by smooth words, and is prepared to concede something to it. A great light has also dawned upon Senator Lodge, and he—helped on, of course, by the angry Massachusetts sentiment which makes his reelection doubtful—is also found among the tariff-revision prophets. Little can be expected of the short session, naturally, yet there seems a chance that a bill may pass making the Tariff Board permanent and enlarging its powers.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock is justly proud, in his annual report, of his reduction of the deficit of his department by \$11,500,000. In his natural desire to wipe out the remaining deficit, he recommends the plan of making the magazines pay a higher rate for their advertising pages. Whatever the merits of this proposition, there is room for effecting great savings in other ways, by introducing business-like methods and getting the maximum work out of his employees. He has already proposed placing the low-grade postmasters under the civil-service rules. If he and Mr. Taft, without further ado, weed out a few hundred inefficient postmasters who hold office solely for political reasons, that alone will almost wipe out the deficit, provided that the postmasters are succeeded by energetic, enterprising business men. All newspaper publishers know how untrustworthy the present postal service is. Those in New York are doing a lot of the work of the post office, because the post office does not do it in any satisfactory way. The

best way to improve its revenues would be to make it trustworthy and efficient.

Incredible as it seems, the House Committee on Invalid Pensions has favorably reported a bill to add nearly fifty millions of dollars to the existing pension roll. The pension of a veteran of sixty-two is by it increased from \$12 to \$15 a month. A veteran of seventy will receive from \$50 to \$75 a month additional, and one of seventy-five from \$20 to \$36 a month. An intermediate grade, between sixty-five and seventy, will come in for an increase of \$20 a month. It is represented that in the first year the increase will "only be twenty-five millions," but the fact remains that within two years the extra pay will be fifty millions. What becomes of the proposed government savings? The debt to the old soldiers, which every one acknowledges, has been met more generously than any similar one in the history of the world. In addition, cowards, shirkers, and camp followers have profited by Treasury gifts until the privileged class of veterans has become as dulled to what is just and proper as have the protected manufacturers.

The significance of the New York State election, especially in the light of a defeat to Mr. Roosevelt, is emphasized by the official figures now published. We refer to the comparison between the plurality attained by Mr. Dix and those given to his associates on the State ticket. It is plain from these figures that Dix ran almost exactly 50,000 ahead of his ticket; his plurality was 67,401, as against 18,408 for the Comptroller, 18,332 for the Treasurer, and 18,066 for the State Engineer. Compared with the Lieutenant-Governor, his lead was not so great, while the comparison with the votes on Secretary of State and Attorney-General shows a greater lead; the reason in each case being obvious. Inasmuch as Mr. Stimson was an excellent candidate, this preferential vote of 50,000 in Mr. Dix's favor is clearly to be interpreted as a vote of protest; nor does it begin to measure the extent of that vote. For every Republican that entered his protest by simply discriminating in favor of Dix, there were

probably three or four who either voted the straight Democratic ticket or did not vote at all. This conclusion, indicated by ordinary observation of the people during the campaign, is confirmed by the way in which the hoofs went with the hide—the Legislature with the Governorship—in spite of the advantages of Republican districting.

Both Gov.-elect Dix personally and the State of New York are to be congratulated on the decision of Mr. Charles E. Treman to accept the very important post of Superintendent of Public Works. One of the chief difficulties encountered by Governors, and especially by Governors of this State, in which the magnitude and complexity of the affairs to be administered are so great, is that of securing the services of men of a high order of ability in the principal offices connected with the Administration. Acceptance of these duties, on the part of the men most peculiarly fitted to perform them, almost always involves a personal sacrifice, and there is no truer patriotism than that which is manifested by shouldering these burdens for the public good. In the case of Mr. Treman, the question of health entered into the case, and hence his favorable decision is all the more to be appreciated.

There seems to be no doubt that Woodrow Wilson was approached by agents of Roger Sullivan when in Chicago recently, and offered a bribe in the shape of the votes of the Illinois delegation to the next Democratic National Convention if he would only not oppose Mr. Smith's election to the Senate. There are prominent politicians we might mention, whose mode of procedure would have been to palliate, consider, and compromise in order to be "practical." It would by many have been considered justifiable under the new theory of applied political ethics. But Mr. Wilson's reply was prompt and vigorous. For those who know him or have watched his political career, it is not difficult to imagine the fine scorn with which he waved these tempters aside, with complete contempt for any effect his act might have on his own career. This episode is, in fact, illum-

ined by a significant remark made by Mr. Wilson at the Southern Society's dinner last week. Introduced, with poor taste, as a probable "future President," Mr. Wilson promptly disclaimed any consideration of whither his new work would take him. He cared, he said, only for the task in hand, and not where he would arrive, except that he wanted to land "on the necks of certain people." There is every reason to believe that he will have his wish. The Americans who live in New Jersey, and those who live elsewhere, know a brave man when they see him. From all accounts, the State is rising to Mr. Wilson in a way to make Mr. Smith's brazen stand speedily appear an act of political suicide.

Pennsylvania's Legislative Reference Bureau is ready to perform its function of first aid to legislators. Although created by the Legislature of 1909, it was not until January of the present year that the Bureau began actual work. The first step was to establish a system of classification by which all the material to be gathered could be made available for instant use. The basis of this classification is the living statute law of the State, that is, the unrepealed statutes, exclusive of those which the courts have held to be repealed by implication or that have been declared unconstitutional. The 2,200 bills of the session of 1909 were then filed according to this classification, the history of each being indicated upon it. Cards were then obtained daily with the titles of bills introduced in the Legislatures of other States in the sessions of 1910, and the most important bills selected, sent for, and filed. Seventeen newspapers and a large number of periodicals were subscribed for, carefully clipped, and the clippings indexed and filed. Books and pamphlets, compilations of laws, and decisions of courts were also obtained. The object of the Bureau is to present to members of the Legislature information, digested and arranged, upon as many subjects as possible of those they may be interested in. The corresponding experiment in Wisconsin has been highly successful.

The seven selections for major-generals and brigadier-generals announced by the President represent almost a clean sweep for the bureaucrats of the War Department. Gen. Charles L. Hodges,

one of the seven remaining civil war soldiers, is to be a major-general for three months before retirement—an honor no one will begrudge him. He is to be succeeded, not by one of the fifteen line brigadiers, but by the chief of the Coast Artillery, Brig-Gen. Arthur Murray, whose place will in turn be taken by an officer on duty at the War Department, Col. E. M. Weaver. Of the four colonels to be promoted, the most gratifying fact is that they are colonels, and not captains or majors. On the other hand, all four are men who have been on detached duty from their regiments for the greater part of the last four years. Col. Duncan, one of the two infantrymen selected, is on duty at the War Department, to which Col. Schuyler of the cavalry was under orders. Col. Evans, too, is an officer who has been a great deal on special duty these last few years. This batch of promotions is, therefore, certain to be received by the army as official confirmation of the prevailing belief that the way to get ahead is to obtain duty near the powers that be in Washington.

Why should there be objection to Brigham Young's portrait on the silver of the battleship Utah? Are we not wiping out all historical issues of the past and forgiving everybody for everything? With Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall in his Confederate uniform, and Southern Governors declaring that Jefferson Davis shall soon have a place there as well, why cavil at Brigham Young's honoring on a battleship? Lee was an admirable character and a wonderful general; Brigham Young was an amazing conqueror of the desert and a remarkable captain of industry. The one stood for slavery of the blacks; the other for the enslavement of women. But let us forget all that and put it purely on the ground of their own personalities. Let the dead political past bury its dead. Soon we shall have monuments to Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr—indeed, a memorial to Arnold in praise of his gallantry at Saratoga was unveiled but the other day on the battlefield. In time, we shall commemorate as well Mr. Bryan's devotion to the cause of sound money and James G. Blaine's adoration of truth and common honesty. The statue of Matthew Quay stands in the Harrisburg Capitol. Whatever else we are, let us be charitable in

regard to the past, and let us not impose standards of taste or ethics upon the rising generation. They have enough problems to face as it is.

The moral influence alone of the Census would justify its cost. Instead of inducing satisfaction over past achievements, the impartial figures have only spurred ambition higher. This is true in a two-fold sense. In Chicago, this ambition takes the paradoxical form of looking forward to the day when an obstinate Census Bureau will allow the claim of 2,500,000 individuals within its limits. This is a material reduction from the programme of the Three-Million Club, but, as an exchange of an impracticable ideal for a possibility, speaks well for the philosophic calm produced by the disappointing figures of 1910. But the great triumph of the Census is the emphasis it is leading many a city to place upon quality rather than quantity. Boston is modestly insisting that it is better to be just Boston than a so-called Greater Boston, which would not rival the largest centres anyhow. And to a number of other cities the population figures have brought this same lofty aim and solace.

Mr. Choate's announcement that Secretary Knox has worked out a plan by which the fifteen-judges of the Court of Arbitral Justice, recommended by the second Hague Conference, may be chosen with satisfaction to the nations concerned, is most gratifying. Owing to the inability to devise a method satisfactory to the smallest countries, this court has languished. Few people realize how much good will come from the establishment of a permanent arbitration tribunal of this kind. Temporary arbitration courts have done valuable service; but what is needed is a permanent court to build up traditions and rules and lay down new principles of international law and justice. The question of enforcement of the decrees of an international court was discussed last Friday by a retired member of the Supreme Court, Justice Henry B. Brown. He regards the establishment of an international force to see to the acceptance of decisions as unpractical and as leading to the wars the world is anxious to stop. But many people will not be able to follow him in this. Why, for instance, assuming an arbitration be-

tween Germany and England, would it not be sufficient to have it known that France, the United States, Russia, Italy, and Austria would see to the acceptance of the court's decree? No actual use of force would ever be necessary.

The news from Cuba continues to be most unsatisfactory. So far as the Government is concerned, it long since forfeited whatever confidence of the business classes it ever had. Graft charges of a wholesale character are made every day, and Gomez himself, who is now reported to be in fear of his life, is the target of open accusation, and of much innuendo. No one believes that he will reside in Cuba, even if he survives his term. It has gone so far that a Havana newspaper is reported as laying the attempted assassination of Gen. Pino Guerra, once one of Gomez's close allies, at the President's own door. As for the regular army itself, which, contrary to common sense, the last American Governor of Cuba, Mr. Magoon, forced on the island with the consent of Mr. Taft, it has become a source of weakness, instead of strength. This was foretold at the time, but the blunder was insisted upon. Now Gomez is taking their ammunition away and scattering the troops over the island, to prevent their turning upon him. As the present Cuban situation is largely the result of Mr. Taft's own policy, he cannot fail to be deeply concerned over the unhappy outlook.

Pauperism in Great Britain has greatly decreased in amount, although it has increased in cost. At present, the outdoor pauperism is the lowest ever recorded for England and Wales, and the lowest in London for seven years, while the indoor pauperism of the metropolis is the lowest for three years. Indoor pauperism has remained stationary during the last ten years, says John Burns, president of the Local Government Board, because the workhouse is no longer the Bastille it used to be, and because children within the wards of the poorhouse no longer experience the treatment that was meted out to the Oliver Twists of fifty years ago. Above half of the indoor poor are now in special institutions, where their ailments are better looked after than in the old mixed general workhouse, which was a combination of the lunatic asylum and

the jail; "with a little bit of street-corner thrown in." The increase of cost is due to the higher standard of relief for the aged, the sick, and children. It is better economy to spend \$250 in getting rid of sickness before the patient is fourteen years old than to spend \$1,500 in palliating his symptoms after he is forty. Of the total pauperism, 30 per cent. is ascribed to sickness, and 45 per cent. to age and infirmity.

As the fourth decade since the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany draws to a close, the region formed by the two conquered provinces is about to enter on a new stage of its existence as part of the German Empire. The Bundesrat has adopted the draft of a constitution for Alsace-Lorraine, including the creation of a bicameral Legislature, of which the lower house is to be elected by universal suffrage. This may safely be regarded as marking a stage in the subsidence of anti-German feeling in the Reichsland, in which such a step is regarded as unobjectionable by German sentiment in the ruling classes. The event may serve, too, as a reminder of the virtually complete disappearance of the *revanche* idea in France, a thing which, forty years ago, hardly anybody regarded as possible in so short a time. Not that the sentiment of attachment to France has ceased to exist in Alsace and Lorraine, or that regret for the loss of her provinces no longer enters into the thoughts of the people of France; but the whole tone of the situation has changed. The fiery passions which for a few years after the great war seemed to burn with a quenchless flame, are now almost as completely a memory as are the like feelings which were for a time cherished in connection with "the lost cause" in our own South.

Monday's action of the Imperial Senate of China in adopting a resolution impeaching the Grand Councillors, brings the difference between the Progressives and the Regent party to an issue. Young China is impatient of further delay, and the imperial edict announcing that the demand for the creation of a responsible Cabinet was refused, has only tempted the provincial delegates to take the bit in their teeth. If the contest were between the Progressives and the Regent, prediction of the result would not be difficult. But

Chinese politics is not so simple. The Manchú nobles, who are adherents of the Empress Dowager, voted in October with the Progressives for the immediate convening of Parliament, and thus declared themselves opposed to the conservative policy of the Regent. But when, flushed with their successes, the Young China party passed a resolution calling upon the Grand Councillors to appear before the Assembly and explain their reasons for sanctioning the Hunan loan, a hint was conveyed through the president of the Ministry of Finance, who had been on the side of the Progressives, that any further violent display of hostility to the Government might mean the dissolution of the House. The Progressives of the Senate are evidently in the temper to test their power to the utmost, but no one can be surprised if, whether dissolution comes or not, palace politics defeats their present move for an authority which will be theirs in the end, but very possibly after a long period of waiting.

If the late Professor Freeman still cares for what goes on in this world, an approving smile must have been seen on the features of his shade as he learned that the Asiatic Exclusion League of San Francisco had resolved last Monday to give up the use of the term "Anglo-Saxon." Its motives are not exactly those of scholarship. It is not a question of substituting "Old English." The point in this case is that the large numbers of Germans and Irish and, we suppose, Slavs who, with the League, are determined to keep the pure native stock of this country from being contaminated by Asiatic immigration, object to having our civilization described any longer as Anglo-Saxon. Hereafter it is to be known as "American"—though if anybody can tell what that word means, racially, he will be wiser than seven men that can render a reason. Professor Freeman held that Anglo-Saxon was inexact and misleading, but we doubt if he would have liked "American" any better. Freeman was once toasted, somewhat ambiguously, as "the historian who had shown such an intimate acquaintance with the rude manners of our forefathers," but we think that, even in that matter, the Asiatic Exclusion League could have convinced him that time's noblest offspring is the last.

OUR OFFICE-HOLDING SYSTEM.

The next great step in the advancement of the merit system in the Federal civil service was clearly indicated by President Eliot in his address at the opening of the thirtieth annual meeting of the National Service Reform League, in session at Baltimore. It is natural that the great extensions given to the system by successive Presidents, and the gradual but complete dying out of the futile opposition to it so long manifested in Congress, should have brought about a general feeling that there is nothing of much consequence left to do; but such is by no means the case. The number of offices outside the classified service is, indeed, not very great—only some 9,000 as against 294,000 in the classified service—but their exclusion is nevertheless a matter of unquestionable significance. Being of a high class, and therefore much sought after, they furnish a very considerable supply of spoils for the politicians; a part, by the way, that is also played by the large number of special exemptions within the classified service, stated by President Eliot to be 68,000. But it is more important still that, so long as they are filled by favor, there cannot be within the classified service that spirit of ambition, that incentive to superior excellence, which is indispensable to the maintenance of the work at a high level; and, as a rule, it will also be true that the persons in the higher posts will not themselves possess the qualifications that would be regarded as indispensable for such posts if they were treated as the natural goal of successful effort in the lower positions.

How great a stimulus would be given to the whole body of the service if these 9,000 posts, or all but a few of them, were thrown open to proved merit—if they were filled, as a rule, by promotion, and when not by promotion by competitive examination—can easily be imagined by any one who knows how the same kind of incentive operates in railways, in manufacturing concerns, in financial institutions, indeed in any calling where a salaried man may look upon his work as opening up possibilities of a successful career. That is what the classified service, great as has been the advance over the old spoils system, does not do. As President Eliot says:

However meritorious these servants of

the government may prove themselves to be, they cannot reach higher posts without procuring the active influence of a patron or without commending themselves in some way to the persons in whose gift the higher offices lie:

In the promotion of this extremely important advance in our official system, the Civil Service Reform League will be able to point to the unequivocal support of President Taft, shown in more ways than one. Dr. Eliot referred to the President's recommendation in his message that the first, second, and third class postmasterships should be placed in the classified list; and Mr. R. H. Dana spoke of the programme of civil-service legislation laid before Congress by the President as not only showing Mr. Taft's clear comprehension of the needs of the service, but also as indicating that public opinion has "advanced to a point where it will no longer tolerate existing conditions under which minor employees are selected for merit, while the superior officers in charge of the work are to a large extent chosen with regard to their political qualifications." In commenting thus on the President's position, Mr. Dana doubtless had in mind the sweeping recommendation made in the message that the Executive should be empowered to include in the classified service "all local officers" under the Departments of the Treasury, Justice, the Post Office, the Interior, and Commerce and Labor, the necessity of confirmation by the Senate to be in all these cases done away with. Although Mr. Dana may be too sanguine in thinking that public sentiment at this time calls for such a change, experience clearly shows that it will require only a vigorous and continued effort to educate public opinion to the point of effectively demanding it.

While the application of sound principles has thus been making continuous and splendid progress in the Federal service, it has to be recognized with regret that in the States there has been little advance to record for a number of years. This is partly, and perhaps entirely, to be explained by the circumstance that public attention has been directed so much to the overshadowing question of corporation abuses. But whatever the explanation, the fact itself is to be deplored. New York State—which furnished the great leaders of the civil service reform movement in the days of its militant youth—was a pio-

neer in the introduction of the merit system in State and municipal office; but that system has not grown in strength as it should have grown with the needs of the time and with the progress made in the Federal service. One of the tests of the quality of the incoming Governor will be furnished by his handling of this subject. Whether it be viewed as one of the means of procuring economy and efficiency, or as an element in that upbuilding of State powers which is part of the general programme of the Democratic party, the strengthening of the Civil Service Commission and the determined enforcement of the civil service laws are among the objects which, we trust, Mr. Dix will take seriously to heart. By so doing, he would greatly strengthen his hold on that independent sentiment to which he largely owes his election, and at the same time get rid of a considerable part of the office-seeking pressure which threatens to make life a burden to him.

WHAT THE ENGLISH ELECTION SETTLED.

As the close of the pollings in the English general elections leaves the strength of the respective parties in the House of Commons almost exactly what it was before the dissolution, there naturally are dissonant voices interpreting the result. If editors and public men were to be held to what they said before the election, or during its progress, it would be easy to decide what had been settled by the voting. Thus the *London Spectator* declared on November 12 that the Government did not need to procure so large a majority as they had before, in order "to place the Constitution at their disposal," for "we may dismiss as idle the notion that the King could resist." But this was merely meant to frighten people into voting Conservative, not as a deliberate opinion on what should be thought of the election after it was over. So, too, Prof. A. V. Dicey wrote in advance that the "true issue laid before the electorate" was simply this: "Shall the Parliament bill [the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords] become the law of the land?" We presume that the Oxford professor would not now admit that it must be. After the first day's voting, when it looked as if the Government might lose thirty seats, Lord Rosebery asserted that, if they lost no more than five seats,

they "could not go on with their proposals." Yet his Lordship, no doubt, will still be found fighting those proposals, although no seats were lost. "The veto of the Lords is dead," affirms John Redmond. Winston Churchill's phrase is: "The veto of the House of Lords has been referended." On the other hand, Mr. Balfour takes the view that the election has been indecisive, and that another one must follow next year.

With doctors on the spot thus disagreeing, it would be rash for an outsider to venture an opinion. What the course and order of business will be in the new Parliament; what the Government will attempt to do; what will be the attitude of the Lords; what position the King will take—about all these things it is impossible to make any safe prediction. But one result is assured. The election has taken one thing out of the realm of political controversy: it has made an end of the hereditary principle as the basis of the House of Lords. The actual change may be written into legislation and made a part of the British Constitution, slowly; it may be enacted in one of several ways; but the decree of the nation has now gone forth, and the House of Lords as we have known it is henceforth a thing of the past.

It is the culmination of a movement long pursued. In 1834, when the Lords had thrown out a franchise bill designed to give the vote to agricultural laborers, John Bright made a speech at Birmingham in which he directly attacked the hereditary principle as the basis of any legislative body. "Privilege," he maintained, "everywhere begets ignorance and selfishness and arrogance." While Bright admitted that some of the members of the House of Lords were able and hard-working legislators, he had nothing but scorn for the mass of the Peers who never showed their faces in Westminster except when they were summoned to reject some popular measure. Bright was strongly then for either making over the House of Lords or limiting its veto. The proposal which he made was so nearly like the one which Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith later introduced that it is altogether probable that they drew their inspiration direct from that tribune of the English people. Bright's exact language is worth quoting:

The proposition that I should make would be this—that they should have, unimpaired, all the power they have now with regard to any bill that has passed the House of Commons for the first time during the session in which the Lords are called upon to deal with it. That is, in the case of this bill, they would be at liberty to amend it, and send it back to the Commons. If the Commons did not like the amendments, and would not accept them, the bill would go back to the Lords, and if the Lords chose, they might reject it. But in a second session, if practically the same bill was sent up to the Lords, they would then also have a right to debate and to amend; but when the bill came down to the House of Commons in this second session, and the Commons would not agree to the amendments of the Lords, then the Lords should be bound to accept the bill.

It was virtually on this issue, as defined by John Bright in 1834, that a Liberal Government went to the people in 1910 and were sustained. Important events had, of course, come between. Chief among them must be reckoned the action of the Lords themselves, under severe political pressure, in voting solemnly that the hereditary right to sit in their House ought not to be alone sufficient for membership. That was the knell of a passing régime. The details of the reform remain to be worked out. The plan of the Conservatives is to reconstitute the Lords but to leave their powers virtually as they are. In its naked form, the Liberal proposal is to have nothing to do with a reformed House of Lords, but to leave that body as it is and then practically paralyze it by taking away its veto on legislation. Yet if English statesmen have not lost their open-mindedness and their instinct for compromise, there ought to be found some way of adjusting the matter, by another conference or otherwise, so that what both parties profess to desire may be procured—namely, a dignified and efficient Second Chamber, as ready to consider Liberal measures on their merits as Conservative.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GREATEST GIFT.

Had the world not been, of late, somewhat accustomed to vast gifts from Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie, it would to-day be fairly dazed by the latter's magnificent contribution of ten millions of dollars to the cause of peace. Surely no great foundation was ever inspired by a better motive, or dedicated to a higher cause. There is no issue of greater importance before the world to-day, from the financial, the economic, and the moral point of view, than this

of doing away, not only with war itself, but with that preparation for war which is becoming quite as deadly to social and ethical progress as actual slaughter. All this Mr. Carnegie has for years seen and clearly understood. In season and out of season, by the influence of his pen and his prestige, as well as by his wealth, he has furthered every movement to open men's eyes to the truth that war can no more be justified among those who profess to follow the doctrines of Christ than it can be justified among brothers of the same State or nation. So, with unfailing generosity, Mr. Carnegie gave the \$1,500,000 Peace Palace at The Hague, and built also the noble home of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, and the lately destroyed international court in Central America, which he is now to rebuild. For the Heroes of Peace in America, he gave a fund of \$5,000,000, and for those in France \$1,000,000; yet these are but a few of the moves in his high-minded and unselfish war upon war.

What war really is, Mr. Carnegie has described repeatedly, but never in terser or better form than in his deed of gift. We wish that every school house and library in America might have inscribed upon its walls these sentiments:

War is "the foulest blot upon our civilization."

Although we no longer eat our fellow-men, nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, killing their inhabitants, we still kill each other in war like barbarians.

Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this the twentieth century of the Christian era, for the crime of war is inherent, since it decides not in favor of the right, but always of the strong.

And it would be only right to say, too, that, as Mr. Carnegie also states, a nation is criminal which refuses arbitration. To his truth that "honor is the most dishonored word in the language," we might add that patriotism ranks next so long as it is held to be synonymous with a readiness to die for one's country while blotting out the existence of other men who are themselves innocent of blame or hate. The truth is that the making of war and the killing of the warmaker's pawns by the hundred thousand is but another form of the slavery of the masses to their rulers, from which the world has been so rapidly emerging. Is it not inevitable that in the years to come the monstrosity of the Franco-Prussian war, which made of two nations the pitiful victims

of a half-dozen politicians, will be a source of amazement? Will future generations not find it utterly incomprehensible that the power of life and death over millions should have been delegated to an Emperor or a Chancellor?

How is this great gift of Mr. Carnegie to be utilized? How can its vast income best be spent to further the cause? The newly appointed trustees themselves have no definite plan, and beyond indicating a few forms of activity, Mr. Carnegie himself rightly says: "Lines of future action cannot be wisely laid down." Yet, as soon as the trustees and their agents apply themselves to their task, provided they do so with the honest intention of a radical campaign against the common enemy, a thousand avenues of activity are certain to open up. Already the million dollar foundation made by Edwin F. Ginn in Boston is at work in education, carrying on a vigorous propaganda. This the Carnegie Foundation can increase in volume; it can carry the facts as to war and peace into every household and into every school. It can undertake a wise political propaganda of a national and an international character. How much education is needed here at home, the flaring headlines in the press, about the annual "war scare" in Washington, amply testify. Mr. Taft has withdrawn the alarmist report of his Secretary of War, who is one of the great disappointments of his Administration; but one of the first things the Carnegie Foundation can do is to pour the daylight upon these perpetual war-scares, and apply calm reason to such absurd statements as that of Congressman McLachlan that 200,000 foreigners could calmly land and intrench themselves on the Pacific Coast. Patriots of this kind, whether in England or in America, can usually figure out just to the dollar or shilling what such a fearful invasion will cost their respective fatherlands. And then the Foundation should certainly reveal the connection of ammunition, armor plate, ship and gunbuilding concerns with navy leagues and boy scouts, and the war propaganda of every kind.

Much will, of course, depend upon the trustees themselves, and there we confess to one disappointment in connection with Mr. Carnegie's gift. Not a single radical opponent of war is on the list, but many who (as did Mr. Joseph H. Choate at the Root peace dinner of Feb-

ruary, 1908, and Mr. Roosevelt in Cambridge only last week) express an intellectual interest in peace, but are not against battleships, too. Great as are the services Mr. Root has rendered as a Peace Secretary of State, he has himself reached the time of life when the forces of conservatism are at their height, and with him are a number of trustees of much greater age—for instance, two of seventy-four, one of seventy-six, two of seventy-eight, and one of eighty-two years. Much will be accomplished in the matter of arbitration treaties, international courts, and conferences. But if the cause of peace is really to be advanced rapidly, it must be not by lip-service or by voicing the tiresome compromises that run, "Of course, there are worse things than war"; "there are times when people have to fight." *Uncompromising* opposition to war is what is needed—in the spirit of Tolstoy. However, no such regret can prevent the *Nation* from recording its deliberate belief that this gift of Mr. Carnegie's is an event of great importance for the world.

IN COLLEGE AND AFTER.

President Lowell, in an article in the December number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, undertakes to use, as a basis for judgment on the oft-discussed question of the relation between college-student rank and after success, certain statistics of the standing attained by Harvard A.B.'s in their subsequent studies in the Harvard schools of law and medicine. Two classifications are involved, the one according to the nature of the studies chiefly pursued by the student while at college, the other according to the rank attained by him upon his graduation as A.B. Under each of these classifications, the question is asked, what percentage of students of a given type took their professional degree *cum laude*. And this is President Lowell's summing up:

The conclusions to be drawn from the whole matter are these: that it makes comparatively little difference to what subject a man devotes himself in college, but it makes an immense difference how good a scholar he is; and that the men who are destined to take the highest rank in the Law and Medical Schools are markedly better scholars both in the preparatory schools and in college than their fellows. In intellectual power, as in other things, the boy is father to the man.

From the second of these conclusions

—that it *does* make a great difference whether a young man has or has not been a good student at college—there is no room for dissent; and this not only because the statistics are themselves conclusive, but also because the conclusion might well have been regarded as established as a result of common observation. It may be, as President Lowell says, that there is a "popular prejudice" in favor of the opposite view—the view that a poor student at college is as likely as a good one to be a success in professional work; but, like the similar prejudice to the effect that precocious children are likely to be stupid or commonplace adults, and that the children of men of genius are not likely to be much more-gifted than those of ordinary persons, it has never rested on any respectable basis of fact, but has on the contrary been in manifest contradiction to facts obvious to any intelligent and unprejudiced observer. To the "popular prejudice" on this last head, Galton's "Hereditary Genius" may be regarded as having given the *coup de grâce* nearly half a century ago; and the figures adduced by President Lowell should go far toward removing such misapprehension as may exist on the subject of the relation between a creditable record of scholarship at college and a like record in professional studies. Thus the figures show that of men who simply got a plain degree at college only 6.6 per cent. succeeded in getting a *cum laude* at the Law School, whereas this success was attained by 22.7 per cent. of those who, at college, had graduated *cum laude*, by 39.2 per cent. of those who had won a *magna cum laude*, and by 64.7 per cent. of the *summa cum laude* men. As the statistics cover twenty years, and more than a thousand men, this is a pretty conclusive case of concomitant variations.

Concerning the first of President Lowell's conclusions, on the other hand, there is considerable reason for hesitation, both as to the conclusiveness of the statistics and as to the true significance of the conclusion itself. The four great divisions under which the men are classified according to the studies to which they were chiefly devoted are Language and Literature, Natural Science, History and Political Science, and Philosophy and Mathematics. Now, to begin with, President Lowell himself rules out the fourth of these divisions,

because the whole number of students under it in the Law School was only nineteen, and in the Medical School only eight. There remain, then, at best, only the three other groups as a basis for judgment. But an extremely important objection must be entered against this conclusion; namely, that each of these large groups includes an enormous range, and that studies chosen *within* the group may be of the most diametrically opposite character as regards mental discipline. In Language and Literature, it may make all the difference in the world whether one takes Greek or English; in Natural Science, whether the choice is physics or geology; in History and Political Science, whether it is political economy or modern history. In a word, the classification is too loose to be made the basis of any confident conclusion as to the indifference of choice of subjects. It is quite possible that if a subdivision were made which would segregate the highly disciplinary subjects, these groups would show the same extremely high average of after-success that is shown in the figures of the little mathematical group actually contained in the tables.

Apart from the question of the conclusiveness of the result, there is, as we have intimated, the further question of its significance. We do not refer to the distinction between selection and causation—between what is to be ascribed to the kind of men who choose a given group of studies and what is to be ascribed to the effect upon them of that choice—which is somewhat touched upon by Dr. Lowell. Waiving this, we must still regard the subject from two distinct standpoints. The studies pursued by a student in his college course may influence his success in his professional studies in two quite distinct ways—first, by the amount of direct equipment he gets for his professional work through the acquired knowledge; secondly, by the mental discipline which they impart and the mental habits which they engender. Upon the first point, the Harvard statistics may be regarded as throwing some light, and perhaps justifying the negative conclusion; on the second, for the reason already mentioned, they throw no immediate light, and if they justify any inference it is the opposite of that which would be read on their face. It does appear, from the statements of detail made by Dr. Lowell, that the amount of know-

ledge acquired at college in the direction of one's profession makes little or no difference in the end, at the professional school; whence if *any* inference can be drawn it is that what the student gains at college turns on the general development conferred by the mental discipline. As we have pointed out, the figures throw no light whatever on the relation between success in professional studies and severity of previous training; but, indicating as they do that the mere choice of general departments of knowledge makes no difference, they should leave unimpaired the conviction, seemingly based on abundant experience, and still entertained, we trust, by many, that a training in exact scientific thinking and accurate study of language is not an idle exercise of useless intellectual muscles, but the most bracing and effective preparation for a career of intellectual exertion in any field.

A REVOLUTION IN GREEK.

Now and then a book is written which shows that, however Greek may be dwindling in the classroom, it is still very much alive in the minds of a few solitary scholars. Such was James Adam's "Religious Teachers of Greece," published two years ago, the posthumous work of one who was himself a much-regretted teacher. Such is the volume of "Lectures on Greek Poetry," just published by J. W. Mackail, the professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. The book is a fit companion to his "Springs of Helicon" issued last year; if anything, we move here even more securely on that ground where literature and life come together than we did in the essays on Chaucer and Spenser and Milton. If we were criticising the book in detail we might indeed point to certain deficiencies, and especially to a false note that has its origin in Professor Mackail's too great fondness for the luscious style of Morris and Swinburne and in his constant use of these poets for comparison with the ancients. But there is life in these pages. The poets of Greece still speak here the tongue of living men; not only do their words carry the everlasting consolation which we are willing to accord to the memory of something beautiful and lost, but their criticism of life cuts into actual problems of the day and all days.

In some ways the most significant of

the lectures is that which deals with the vexations of the Homeric Question—deals with them somewhat in the manner of Dante's Virgil with certain noxious souls: "Speak not of them, but look and pass." The very gist of the matter is in this rather cavalier treatment of a theme that for a century and more has muddled the waters of classical scholarship and has been the occasion of a library of indescribable books and *dissertationuncule*. The trouble began back in the early days of Hellenic criticism, when the school of "Separatists" tried to prove that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were composed by two different poets. Suspicions of the authorship of the poems crop out two or three times at the Renaissance and after; but the real debate, "die homerische Frage," *Die Frage*, was started in 1795, when Friedrich August Wolf published his "Prolegomena," and attempted to prove that there was properly speaking no Homer at all, nor any two Homers, but only a number of rhapsodes whose unwritten recitations got finally run together somehow into the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The effect was startling. It disturbed the Olympian repose of Goethe; it created what the manuals love to call the *neuere Altertumswissenschaft*, the new science of antiquity; it was the source of innumerable theories and counter-theories. This man reduced the *Iliad* to a disjointed conglomeration of ballads; another plucked out for you the heart of the poem, the *Ur-Ilias*, about which successive centuries had attached layers of easily distinguished accretions; another rewrote the poem in its original dialect and by the variation of forms could tell you nicely when and where the various members were composed. They worried the poems into rags, and themselves into rage. Their treatises remain on the shelves of every well-equipped classical library as one of the stupendous monuments of pedantry.

In general, the German universities were the centres of the storm. But it spread. For some time England, owing as much to her backwardness in erudition as to her common sense, ignored the Question, but later it swept both Oxford and Cambridge. A genial man of letters, like Andrew Lang, might continue to scoff at the theorizers, but the university men who had a scholastic reputation to maintain, soon grew ashamed of such old-fashioned ignor-

ance. French scholars followed suit, and so generally admirable a work as the Croisets' "Littérature grecque" devotes the best part of a volume to disjoining the Iliad and Odyssey and takes up the significance and value of poems which are the fountain-head of European literature, as quite a secondary matter. Then came America. Only the other year a school history of Greek literature gave most of what little space it had for Homer to an account of the Question, and to-day a translator of the Iliad has prefaced his hexameters with his own theory of authorship.

But a change has come at last, and a scholar like Professor Mackail can now assume without apology or fierce argument that the Iliad was in the main written by one real poet (written, for the old notion that writing was then unknown has been quite discredited), and that the Odyssey was probably from the same hand. It would be an exaggeration to say that this simple acceptance of tradition has ended the horrid dispute, for many scholars, especially in Germany, still cling to their respective creeds of impersonal composition; but the trend is undoubtedly away from the whole complicated fabric of theory. The pilgrim of letters will soon be able to pass by the Question unafraid.

In part this return to common sense is due to more precise knowledge; in part it is connected with a larger movement. The Homeric Question was in reality only an aspect of German romanticism; it sprang up with the distinction between naïve and artificial poetry, and with the whole sentimental glorification of *Volksdichtung*, which in turn was merely one outcome of the Roussellian cry, Back to the primitive, back to nature. If the Homeric poems were great, it must be just because they were authorless, the unconscious creation of the people. For a century criticism in Europe, with some notable exceptions, has been repeating in various disguises the dicta of Herder and the Schlegel brothers, and the revolt from the Homeric Question may lead to a sounder view of literature in general. It is a pleasant irony that the exaltation of primitive balladry should have resulted in so huge and so artificial a body of scholarship.

And there is another and more immediately practical side to this movement. It is an undoubted fact that the Homer-

ic Question has been one of the contributing causes to the decline of Greek. Its effect was two-edged. On the one hand, in itself and as part of the Teutonic system, it has tended to exclude from the professional study of the classics such men as had a clear vision of the relation of literature to life, and, on the other hand, it has helped to desiccate the teaching of those who have remained. It is almost an impossibility that a student who reads and digests the mass of books on this and similar questions should be able with the fag end of his strength to put any vigor into his teaching of Greek as a human document. It is in this sense that we judge Professor Mackail's chapter interesting in itself and significant of better things to come.

NEW YORK'S NEED OF AN ART GALLERY.

In varying year by year the display in its crowded galleries, the National Academy of Fine Arts merely rings the changes upon a distressful situation. The galleries of the Fine Arts building were never big enough to house a representative annual show. The Pennsylvania Academy exhibits regularly from seven to eight hundred numbers under favorable conditions. The National Academy can show, under the worst conditions of space, only about three hundred, and fails to hang at all a matter of a hundred pictures accepted or their merits. In the course of twenty years high buildings have cut off the sunlight from the Fine Arts building, so that a tolerable gallery light exists only for a few hours each day. This year, in order to give sculpture its due of a single gallery, the walls are so crowded with pictures that a visit is a penance to any sensitively organized taste. What can be done to liberalize the membership and policy of the Academy has been done, but from the sheer unattractiveness of its shows a venerable and useful public body must either shut up shop or linger on in artistic insignificance.

Of this emergency two views are held. Your æsthete is likely to say, What of it? Academies were never very good, and will hardly be missed. Your average public-spirited man is likely to dwell warmly upon the shame of not supporting an ancient institution devoted to the art of the land. As is so frequently the case, both the æsthete and the public-

spirited man are right, each merely taking partial views of a somewhat complicated subject. It is perfectly true that no sensitive lover of art would care either to support handsomely or attend frequently any big annual art exhibition, be it National or Royal Academy, Salon or Société. These omnibus shows, æsthetically considered, are at best necessary evils. One who loves painting or sculpture will naturally go for his delight to a place where he can see a few things of choice quality under good conditions. More sensations of art may be had in an hour at a museum or at any good Fifth Avenue dealer's than may be gathered from the academies of a score of years. Admitting this frankly, there remains every reason why the National Academy should continue to exhibit and why it should have a proper building.

The large annual exhibitions, wherever held, are not primarily æsthetic or artistic functions; they are necessary civic institutions having to do with the fostering of certain fine handicrafts which we over-ambitiously designate as the fine arts. Let us recall that the terms of admission to the great exhibitions are not solely artistic, but technical and professional. To be accepted means not that, on a universal scale, the contributor has made a fine work of art, but that on the temporary scale of the day—the current art-school standard—he has attained a considerable proficiency in painting or sculpture. The public exhibition is, under the system that prevails, about the only chance a young man has of winning the formal approbation of his elder colleagues. Now, since it is very desirable for the adornment and dignifying of our life that all the fine handicrafts should be practised, the fixed exhibition renders an evident public service, and rightly claims public support. But that support should be asked and given in the light of what can actually be done, and without raising false æsthetic hopes about what exhibitions never have done and never can do.

To the trained artist, the large exhibition is valuable because it affords him the only comprehensive opportunity he gets for measuring himself against his strongest contemporaries. In an age too busy to seek the artist, the exhibition grants at least the possibility of public notice and private patronage. It gives

to the middlemen, the official and unofficial art critics, the privilege of celebrating new talent and marking the progress of established talent. If properly managed, the more ambitious exhibitions serve a useful purpose as a market and keep alive public interest in the arts. No fine or profound knowledge of art can in the nature of the case be gathered from annual exhibitions. Their scope is too narrow. They may, however, create that diffused enthusiasm without which the economic basis of art is lacking. If ever the time comes when people care enough for art to frequent the studios, big shows will become superfluous, but there is no indication that such a day is dawning. Meanwhile, we should face the facts as they are, without illusions and with clear-sighted public spirit.

A calm estimate of values ought to shake hesitating patrons of the National Academy out of their misgivings. There is no question that, on a money basis merely, or considering more broadly the production and patronage of art, the great exhibitions of London, Paris, Munich, Venice, Philadelphia, do a valuable service to their respective cities. If their wealthy men were met with a proposal to withdraw support from such exhibitions, the suggestion would be scouted with wrath. Yet New York incomprehensibly withholds such aid from an exhibiting body equally deserving. The public worth of an annual exhibition clearly depends on its comprehensive and representative character. A small show pleases neither the aesthete nor the public-spirited man. As things stand to-day, our most important branch of painting—mural decoration—is seldom shown in New York. The presence of the better decorative pieces of each year in the Academy would immediately add character and distinction to the display. The National Academy needs, and needs now, a building with abundant space and good light. It is amazing and not a little shameful that in this age of profuse benefactions no donor should yet have seized upon so evident an opportunity for public usefulness.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Merle Johnson's "Bibliography of the Works of Mark Twain," just published by the Harpers, is an admirable piece of work. In it collectors for the first time have in an accessible form exact particulars of the

first editions of many of Mark Twain's books.

Even when Mark Twain was writing for the *Virginia City Enterprise* and for the *San Francisco Alta-Californian* his material was freely copied by other newspapers. After his return from the "Quaker City" excursion and the publication of "Innocents Abroad," the English and Canadian pirates reprinted everything of his they could lay their hands upon. Long before the present international copyright law was in force, by taking advantage of the fact that the English laws granted protection to foreign authors, providing that publication was first made in that country, he was able to protect himself and his publishers there. In consequence the English editions of many of his books are actual firsts. Mr. Johnson, in many cases, has been able to ascertain the exact dates of entry and filing of copies at Washington and of publication in London. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was published in London on June 9, 1876, whereas copies of the American edition were not filed in Washington until January 2, 1877. Both titles are dated 1876. A comparison of the two editions shows that the American was actually the earlier text, which was edited more or less before it was printed in England. For example, in the fence-whitewashing episode (one of the best-known scenes in any of Mark Twain's books) all mention of Tom's sore toe is omitted in the English edition. In the case of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" the London edition, published December 10, 1884, is dated 1884 on the title-page, whereas the American edition, published only three days later, is dated 1885.

For a long time most of Mark Twain's books were published by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., in the characteristic "subscription book" form of the seventies and eighties of the last century. And while the total number printed of many of the books ran far into the thousands, the first printings seem to have been small in number, and to identify these first issues has been Mr. Johnson's task. The special features of the actual first issues of some of these books were described in this column on September 22 last.

The Bibliography is divided into four sections: (1.) Books or pamphlets entirely by Mark Twain, and containing an important contribution by him; (2.) books containing speeches by him; (3.) books containing letters; (4.) books containing anecdotes attributed to Mark Twain. The first section includes nearly all of the items of importance. Few of Mark Twain's speeches achieved contemporary printing outside of newspaper columns, though about a hundred of them have been collected in a volume since his death.

Following the Bibliography are a series of interesting Notes and an Index which records the appearance in periodical and book of every one of Mark Twain's pieces, which can now be identified, whether collected or uncollected. An examination of this Index shows that there is still considerable material not included in any of the uniform editions.

The following titles ought to be added to Mr. Johnson's Bibliography. Both were discovered too late for insertion in the book:

Tom Hood's | Comic Annual | for | 1874.
With Twenty-three Pages of Illustrations
By the Brothers Dalziel. | London: | Pub-

lished at the Fun Office, | 80 Fleet Street,
E. C. | 8vo.

This pamphlet contains, on pp. 78, 79, "A Yankee Story" signed "G. R. Wadleigh," but actually by Mark Twain. In No. xvii of "Chapters from my Autobiography," published in the *North American Review* for May 3, 1907, Mark Twain tells over again the story of "Jim Wolf and the Cats," and states that it was an actual adventure of his boyhood days. In 1867, when, as he says, he had "failed in all my other undertakings and stumbled into literature without intending it," he wrote out the story for the *New York Sunday Mercury* and received \$25 for it. In 1873, when he was lecturing in London, an impecunious American came to him for assistance, and, besides giving him money, Mark Twain introduced him to Tom Hood. The young man, who turned out to be a swindler, wrote out this anecdote of Jim Wolf, signed his own name to it, and sold it to Hood for three guineas.

What American Authors Think | About International Copyright. | New York | American Copyright League | 1888. 8vo.

A contribution by Mark Twain fills the left-hand column of page 10.

A considerable portion of Mark Twain's library will be sold at auction by the Anderson Auction Company in January. Besides books from his library a number of autograph manuscripts are included, among them the following: "Eve's Diary," 34 pages; "Extracts from Adam's Diary," 34 pages; "My Boyhood Dreams," 18 pages; "The Death Disk," 37 pages; "Italian Grammar," 41 pages; "Meisterschaft, in 3 Acts," 70 pages; "My Debut as a Literary Person," 64 pages; "Concerning the Jews," 37 pages; "A Horse's Tale," 147 pages; "How the Chimney Sweep got the Ear of the Emperor," 26 pages.

In our previous note on Mark Twain's books we referred to the statement prefixed to the "Extracts from Adam's Diary" (New York, 1904), that a friend of his had "printed a few copies in an incomplete form." The autograph manuscript, which we have now seen, has this note at the top: "Published (don't remember when), S. L. C."

Correspondence

A SOURCE OF "THE RAVEN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most important source of Poe's "Raven," Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," has hitherto been dismissed by biographers and critics, including Ingram, Lauvrière, Woodberry, and H. E. Legler, with scant notice. Such an unconscious conspiracy of silence is not justifiable, however, in view of the noteworthy parallels between the two productions. As Mr. Woodberry declares, the proper starting point is Poe's review of "Barnaby Rudge," published in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1842, in which he made the following suggestion:

The raven, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been *prophetically* [the italics are Poe's] heard in the course of the drama:

Significant words these, when we remember that Poe published "The Raven" in January, 1845, and may have written it consid-

erably earlier. He adopts, for example, his own suggestion in the very climax of the poem:

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!"

Poe's essay, "The Philosophy of Composition" (1846), purports to explain fully the genesis and composition of "The Raven"; but in reality, most critics now agree, it does nothing of the sort. It seems to have been in part a deliberate hoax, written in the spirit of Defoe and Swift. In this famous essay he does not mention "Barnaby Rudge," his only words on the subject of the bird being these:

Very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended tone [the italics are again Poe's].

This, by reason of the fact that the raven is "the bird of ill-omen." Such failure to acknowledge a debt to Dickens is not proof positive of the absence of the debt. Poe, unfortunately, was sometimes disingenuous in statement, especially when his vanity was concerned. Mr. Woodberry has emphasized this point with quite sufficient severity. I am aware, indeed, that there seems to be another objection to belief in any close likeness between the two ravens: in the passage, from the review of the novel, quoted above, Poe refers to the "intensely amusing" character of the raven in "Barnaby Rudge." But any one who will take the trouble to examine those portions of the book in which Grip appears will perceive that Poe's phrase is not applicable to all of them; there are several important scenes in which the bird moves in a sombre atmosphere.

Moreover, the raven is inevitably connected—and Poe, as is proved by his review, wished him to be still more closely connected—with his master, Barnaby, who, on account of his infirmity of mind, lives in a half-supernatural world which Dickens has very powerfully described. Poe himself, in the review mentioned, quotes a passage in point. Now, if there is anything for which this American is famous, both in his stories and his poems, it is atmosphere. It is not to be expected, therefore, that so striking an atmosphere as that which surrounds the mad boy and his pet would pass out of the poet's memory in less than three years. It is questionable whether so salient a detail as the refrain, "Nevermore," was not suggested by the following, from a gloomy scene in the prison between Barnaby and his mother:

"You hope! Ay, but your hoping will not undo these chains. I hope, but they don't mind that. Grip hopes, but who cares for Grip?"

The raven gave a short, dull, melancholy croak. It said "Nobody," as plainly as a croak could speak.

"Who cares for Grip, excepting you and me?" said Barnaby, smoothing the bird's ruffled feathers with his hand. "He never speaks in this place; he never says a word in jail; he sits and mopes all day in this dark corner, dozing sometimes, and sometimes looking at the light that creeps in through the bars, and shines in his bright eye as if a spark from those great fires had fallen into the room and was burning yet. But who cares for Grip?"

The raven croaked again—"Nobody."

"He never speaks in this place"—speaks no word but "Nobody"; and Poe's raven speaks no word but "Nevermore." Moreover, the "fiery eyes" which "burned into the bosom's core" of the lonely watcher in

the chamber are seemingly reminiscent of the peculiar brightness of Grip's eyes. Is there not some significance, also, as regards the expectant atmosphere of the poem, in the admonition of Barnaby's mother?—"You must not go out to-night. There are ghosts and dreams abroad" (p. 352). Truly, the ghost, as the villagers think it, of the murderer, Barnaby's father, continually makes itself felt in the novel. Ghosts and dreams! Such is "The Raven"; such stuff as dreams are made of. And the ghost of the lost Lenore hovers constantly in the background.

None of the foregoing parallels, I hasten to say, shows anything that may be called plagiarism—although Poe himself, that literary detective, might have called it such in Longfellow or other poets. Dickens made no charges against his American admirer; and even "Outis," who bitterly attacked Poe for his charges of plagiarism against Longfellow, did not mention "Barnaby Rudge." Certainly "The Raven" possesses sufficient original features, such as the somewhat melodramatic perch of the bird upon a bust of Pallas, the skilful if artificial progress of the poem to a strangely effective climax; and especially the reverie of a lover over the death of a beautiful woman—a topic which Poe, in "The Philosophy of Composition," declares to be "unquestionably the most poetical in the world." But, finally, is it purely accidental that the opening words of "The Philosophy of Composition" should have been these?—

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of "Barnaby Rudge," says, etc.

In no better way could Poe have unconsciously acknowledged a debt which extends to much greater detail than has commonly been supposed.

HARRY T. BAKER.

Rockland, Me., December 14.

THE QUEST OF THE ULTIMATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest your article of November 17 on "The Quest of the Ultimate." You certainly make out an attractive contrast between the seeming uncertainty of the realm of religion and the eternal realm of art and beauty; and you make certain writers upon religion seem very boastful and ridiculous in their expression of a faith that mankind can ever enjoy such rest and satisfaction in religion as the lovers of beauty have felt in the great works of art. May I raise the question whether it is necessary, or true, to make this contrast, and to part company between the lovers of beauty and the lovers of religion? Is it not possible that you fail to understand the point which the writers to whom you refer are seeking to make? It may appear that they are nearer to the main drift of your article than you imagine.

I can best express what I mean, first, by quoting the remark of a very learned student of religion (one of your own valued contributors), who said in a conversation, "There has been a vast deal of superstition in the world, but so far there has been very little real religion." It might be added—what every one must agree—that there has been a vast deal of discussion about religion, though real re-

ligion has always been somewhat rare. Must we not now say very much the same with regard to art? We have loads of crude art in every town; we have art schools and endless books on art. But the great masterpieces, giving joy and peace, are very rare; and yet they are so real that the artistic sense of the world is continually being renewed by the inspiration of these few great pictures, statues, temples, or poems.

Would you call it very presumptuous, then, if a lover of the beautiful masterpieces, writing to express his sincere feeling about them, ventured his faith, or hope, that the world will come to find more and more permanent satisfaction upon the lines of artistic excellence, already laid by the great artists and poets; that the beautiful things are the simplest; that it is useless to strive and strain after effect and sensation; that to possess a single object of beauty, yes, if only a flower, and to love and enjoy it, is better than to fill a palace with bric-à-brac; that to hold in memory a few stanzas of the masters of verse is happier than to learn the columns of an encyclopædia? I can imagine a lover of art saying something like this, with the intent to call people's attention from the distracting sight of the commonplace, everywhere set up in the market, to those very things which, you well say, rest and satisfy men's souls as often as they are seen.

Now I suggest, I hope without dogmatism, that the lover of religion may try to say the very thing about the great, simple, and everlasting values of religion, at its best, which you have said about art. Is it absurd or boastful to urge that the coming man is likely to be free, to an ever-increasing degree, of the haze of superstitions that have overclouded the sight of true religion; that he will learn to care more for the painting itself than for any particular style of framing about it; that he will set his heart on the beautiful teachings which rise like mountain peaks out of the Scriptures of the world, rather than on the monotonous levels in which these great teachings find their base; that even children and the unlearned may catch the meaning of certain splendid psalms and hymns which have always rested the souls of good men and women; that it will be held true to the end of time, as Paul wrote, that "the fruits of the spirit" are love, joy, peace, courage, patience, and the rest; and that the image or ideal of the good life (let them call it the "Christ-life," if they please), set up in the shrine of the simplest man's heart, is more precious than big books of dogmatic discussions about religion?

Now that I have risen to speak, may I be allowed to add a few words which seem to me to have importance, as bearing upon the permanent policy of the *Nation*? I may be justified in my interest in the paper, for I became one of its readers, I think, in 1868. I have highly valued its utterances and have rejoiced often in its vigorous preaching of righteousness. On the other hand, I am one of a large number of its readers who have wished that it might more often have added generosity and humanity to its keen sense of justice and truth. It has seemed to us to suffer from the prevailing peril of the people of a small sect. Their danger lies in severity, and in failure of

sympathy toward those who differ in the least from themselves. They behave as if truth were a narrow line, and they alone were following it. Have you no use for a host of men whose faces may be honestly turned toward the light, but whose view of various subjects is somewhat different from yours? Of course, you answer, yes, but you often give the contrary impression.

For example, I have to assume that the *Nation* represents a philosophy of optimism, or at least of meliorism, which is surely a form of optimism. Otherwise, what use would there be in publishing a journal of ethical and political reform, if its promoters did not believe that truth and righteousness are the victorious forces in the world? If the *Nation* does not stand, upon the whole, for faith in human progress, we have misread all the best things that it has ever published. Why, then, should you seem to show a sort of displeasure, such as would befit your treatment of "the wicked" (if there were ever any persuasiveness in such treatment) when you deal with the views of other optimists, and especially more hearty or confident optimists, outside of your own editorial rooms?

I should think that you would be pleased to encourage all the actual friends of your great cause, even though they may not speak with the precise phraseology of your editorial room. I should think that you would like to try to understand them rather than to misunderstand them. Indeed, I should think it might occur to your own brilliant writers that there may be other tenable forms of faith in human progress, besides that cautious and somewhat chilling type which you sometimes affect. Or, do you imagine that the men of faith in religion and in the possibilities of civilization, who dwell outside your own circle, have no eyes to see the great obvious facts of life and death, that they do not measure the inexorable law of cost that rules the world, and that their faith and hope are only a blind necessity of their temperament, and not the result of serious and thoughtful convictions?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., December 5, 1910.

RAILWAY RATES AND CREDIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A sentence in the interesting letter of Mr. W. D. Hinds (the *Nation*, December 15) struck me with great force. It reads: "Bearing in mind that the improvement of railroad credit is a matter of vital interest to the public, it would seem contrary to the public's own interest for the government to prevent increases in rates and thereby obstruct the protection of railroad credit, merely because the railroads have not yet realized an ideal standard of efficiency far behind that realized by well-managed industries in general." Indeed, why should the government be more reluctant to bestow large favors upon the railways than it is to bestow them upon other great business corporations? Is it not a cardinal principle of our unwritten Constitution that large interests, regardless of their mismanagement, should be fostered by subsidies, protection, and privilege? And the railways are not even asking for subsidy or tariff, but are only requesting the privilege of making the public

bear the expense of mistakes in management. Surely, if the government is willing to put a premium on poor business methods practised by many other favored industries, it ought at least to allow the railways to recoup themselves without going to the trouble of making, with a view to economy, a detailed analysis of their business and a reform from top to bottom.

The people of the country have just given their opinion on the subject of sacrificing the public for the profit of greedy corporations. Industries, pleading their infancy—i. e., their inefficiency—as justification for their alleged inability to compete with foreign rivals, persuade Congress to allow them to dig deeper into the pockets of the consumer for their maintenance. But the people have begun to show that they perceive the meaning of these unceasing supplications for public bounty. It is not altogether impossible that when all is done it may be found that an increase of rates would be permissible; but public interest and public sentiment demand that if the railways or any other business enterprise sin against business laws they should repent of their sins before asking for additional assistance. Is not the promotion of efficient business methods itself a matter of "vital interest to the public"? and would it not certainly "seem contrary to the public's own interest for the government" to promote increases in rates and thereby obstruct the progress of economy and efficiency in business life?

D. R. ANDERSON.

Richmond, Va., December 17.

THE TARIFF BOARD'S REPORT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Americans are unquestionably an impatient people. They want work done well, and yet done quickly. The keynote of Professor Emery's recent speech at Chicago was a statement of the fact that we cannot remake our tariff quickly and make it well. He states that it is inevitably a laborious task and that time is essential. The many schedules of the Payne-Aldrich bill were encompassed in five months. This haste and the best methods we had at hand resulted in a bill which deluded the people, which was unsatisfactory to the country, and broke the Republican party. The tariff board was created to put things straight, by a system which after careful investigation should appear to be reliable and efficacious. The chairman of that board now states emphatically that such a system is possible, but to make it operative without arduous labor and sufficient time is impossible.

There are many business men in this country who have been and are still in favor of a tariff commission, but it is an anomaly that many of these have been under the impression that an immediate revision of certain schedules is quite practicable. Professor Emery, however, has made it very clear that this cannot be expected.

He has also proved conclusively that a tariff commission cannot be of real value until it is a permanent institution. He has with great frankness discussed the pitfalls and dangers, but he just as frankly states that the ultimate result can be only for the general good.

The value of the tariff board cannot then be determined until sufficient time is given to demonstrate it. The five months' actual work is proof positive that no just tariff rates can be made in that time. This therefore upsets the statement that the existing bill is as good as it should be. It also makes it clear that it is not yet time for revision, and establishes the fact that revision can and should be accomplished—"one schedule at a time."

Another most important "finding" is the great value to commercial interests which a well-compiled glossary of the facts would have, aside from the making and recommendations of rates of duty. This has long been needed in this country, and should prove of inestimable importance.

The final conclusion is one that stands out boldly. This country needs a tariff commission, needs it permanently, and needs the kind of a tariff commission which Professor Emery has so ably advocated.

Never mind which political party accomplishes it, let it be accomplished.

HENRY T. WILLS,

National Tariff Commission Association.

New York, December 5.

WAS SAMUEL DANIEL AN ITALIAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an unpublished record of expenditures (Public Records Office, Exchequer Accounts, Bd. 433, No. 8) made by Sir David Murray, Keeper of the Privy Purse to Prince Henry, son of James I of England, there occurs the following item: "June 14, 1609. To Daniell the Italian . . . 1 li. 10s." Since the record contains numerous similar payments to poor scholars, artists of all kinds and degrees, and in one case to "an Italian jugler," this item might be passed over as insignificant, were there not evidence of considerable weight to connect it with the poet Daniel.

In the same account book, under the date January 3, 1608 (09), there is a payment "To Mr. Daniell be comand . . . 7 li." This undoubtedly refers either to the poet or possibly to his brother, John Daniel, the musician, who was later master of the Queen's choir boys of Bristol; and it may be conjectured that the payment in June was to the same person. The fact that Daniel's brother and perhaps his father were musicians is in itself significant, since in the time of James I most of the masters of that art—Ferrabosco, Bassano, Lupo, and others—were Italians. The name Daniel, or, as it was usually spelled, Daniell, should cause no difficulty, for it was borne by the Italian mentioned in the payment, and it differs but slightly from the Italian forms Daniele, Danielli, or Daniello.

The poet's close friendship with the Italian John Florio should also be considered. Two of his sonnets written for Florio's works are addressed "To my dear friend . . ." and a third to "To my deare friend and brother. . ." Daniel possibly owed his pension and his position in the Queen's court to the influence of the Italian language-master; in the "Accounts of the Queen's Household, 1615-16," his name follows immediately after that of Florio. The latter, it will be recalled, was the son of a Florentine Protestant who came to England shortly before the reign of Edward VI; one is tempted to explain the friendship of the

two writers on grounds of family intimacy and kindred race.

That Daniel travelled in Italy in his youth is shown by the headings of two sonnets in the Delia sequence, "At the Author's going into Italie" (sonnet lii), and "This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in Italie" (sonnet liii). In Wright's "Elizabeth and Her Times" (II, 315), we hear of a Samuel Daniel abroad and in the company of an Italian doctor, Julio Marino. "A Description of Beauty translated out of Marino" (Daniel's Works, ed. Grosart, I, 263) can hardly be connected with the doctor, since the poet's given name was Giambattista, but it may serve to illustrate Daniel's knowledge of the Italian language and his interest in Italian literature. His first published work, entitled "Imprese," was a translation of a Latin tract on crests and seals by the contemporary Italian historian Paulus Jovius. His friendship with the poet Guarini is indicated by the following sonnet addressed to Sir Edward Dimmock, Daniel's first patron, on an English translation of Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido":

I do rejoyce learned and worthy Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man
(This painfull and industrious Gentleman)
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light:
Who in thy love I know tooke great delight
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And here enjoys the grace of his owne right.
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Unto us both the vertues of the North,
Saying our costes were with no measures grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verbe bring forth.
I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store,
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Lines 9-12 of the sonnet refer clearly to conversations with Guarini, and apparently to a personal friendship. Furthermore, it seems highly improbable that the pronoun *thy* in the second line would have been used by a poet who had every reason to consider the English translator quite as much his own countryman as Dimmock's.

Here, it is true, the point is weakened by the occurrence of *our* in lines 11 and 13, though the possessive in these cases indicates residence rather than citizenship. In general the value of the evidence that Daniel, though an Englishman by allegiance and perhaps by birth, was an Italian by parentage, must depend chiefly on its cumulative effect. We have a payment to an Italian named Daniel from the same source and not long after a payment to the poet. We know that the latter was of a family of musicians in an age when most professional musicians were Italians. We know that he travelled in Italy, translated from Italian writers, spoke the language, was on intimate terms with an Italian poet, and that one of his best friends was of the same stock. In the absence of exact information regarding his birth and parentage, these seem sufficient reasons for assuming that the stylistic purity of "well-languaged" Daniel is that of a writer for whom English was not strictly the mother tongue. * ALLAN F. WESTCOTT.

Columbia University, December 16.

WOOL AND SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Pittsburgh correspondent (the *Nation*, December 8) is excited over wool. How great the cry! How little the wool! Cannot the American farmer learn to raise sheep and not be a mere wool-

grower? With sheep prices where they have been for years, why mention wool at all?

Now I was once a breeder of sheep, and Merinos, too; and I made many a Merino breeder angry because I then said the tariff was robbery. It enabled the few of us to get a greater price for sheep and wool, but for one of us there were hundreds whom we were plundering in the price of clothes. I then sold my Merinos and went to breeding sheep. And I bred them all through the nineties when the fool-killer was at home attending to his own business. I did not call upon the fool-killer, but gave my sheep good care, and made excellent profits from them every year. If wool brought ten cents a pound, it was clear gain, for good sheep, with proper care, will pay if they do not produce a pound of wool.

Sheep-breeders who call for high tariff remind me of those who bred cattle for their hides. Years ago I used to know many who sold their cattle-hides in the spring. That was their harvest, but they wanted a tariff on hides, as their cattle paid nothing. Those farmers who to-day are raising sheep for wool are to be pitied in the same manner as we should pity the farmers who raise cattle for their hides, and hogs for their hair.

J. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

Naples, N. Y., December 14.

Literature

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The Campaign of Chancellorsville: A Strategic and Tactical Study. By John Bigelow, jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$10 net.

This work by an experienced soldier, who later became known as the teacher of military science in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and as the author of works on campaigns in Europe and America, is a notable contribution to strategic literature. We think that no campaign of our civil war has been more accurately, elaborately, or ably described than is Chancellorsville in these pages, and soldiers in every land will thank the author for a technical study so satisfactory. No important detail of the eventful story from Hooker's assuming command at the end of January, 1863, to the retirement of the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock at the beginning of May, is omitted. The author does not restrict himself severely to the military record. Lincoln's unpleasant quarter of an hour with "Mother," after submitting himself to be kissed by the ladies at Hooker's headquarters, led on by the Princess Salm-Salm—that, with the joke through which Lincoln got out of the breakers, has a place in the narrative as well as the impact of the cannon ball which stretched Hooker senseless on the porch of the Chancellor house. Such occasional particulars,

though irrelevant to the purpose of the book, serve at any rate to enliven.

We confess to some surprise at the author's selection of Chancellorsville as the campaign of the civil war most fruitful in lessons. He says that he chose it "because it presented a greater variety of military problems and experiences than any other in which an army of the United States had taken part. In no other was there so rapid a succession of critical operations. Moreover, no other one approaching it in importance has been so imperfectly apprehended and described." This assertion will not pass unchallenged. The reasons given for selecting Chancellorsville apply much better, we believe, to Gettysburg. The Gettysburg story bristles with problems over which the authorities continue to dispute. To mention a few: Lee, instead of invading Pennsylvania, might better, perhaps, have used his interior lines and reinforced Bragg in east Tennessee; then, assuming command himself, he could have thrown his mass, by forced marches, upon Cincinnati. Such operations in May and June might have caused Grant to let go his grip on Vicksburg; indeed, a concentration like this of Southern power against the greatly depressed North might have made it possible to penetrate far into Ohio, and to the east from the west. Whether or not Lee erred here is a point not settled, the study of which is full of instruction to the soldier. Did the Confederate right delay its attack unduly on July 2 and on July 3 was Pickett's charge a reckless enterprise? Or had Lee good warrant for his rush at the Federal centre? On the side of the North, should Sickles be condemned for occupying, on July 2, the Emmitsburg road, or is the contrary view to be accepted—held, we believe, by Sheridan and Gen. H. J. Hunt—that the position assigned the Third Corps at first was untenable, and that it was only prudent to occupy the higher ground in advance? Again, as to the ending of the battle, should there have been a counterstroke at once upon the repulsed Confederates, as Lincoln thought and as perhaps the world in general has come to feel, or was Meade wise in not risking further battle?

We submit that in comparison with such problems as these the campaign of Chancellorsville offers little indeed. There is almost no difference of opinion as regards any important movement. Hooker taking command of a dispirited army restored promptly its morale and discipline. He struck at an opportune moment when Longstreet had been detached to southeastern Virginia with two divisions. He had two men to Lee's one, and more. His cavalry served him not in the best manner; but keeping Lee in doubt as to his plans by good manoeuvres, he succeeded in crossing the Rappahannock and placing his army in

excellent position on Lee's left flank. So far his work was admirable. Now, however, he forsook his fine initiative, and, while his lieutenants stood amazed and protesting, retired to a position much inferior where he awaited attack. Lee was not slow to seize the offensive which Hooker had abandoned. Leaving a strong detachment to guard Fredericksburg, Lee pressed close upon the retreating Federals. He weighed correctly Hooker's incapacity, and with extraordinary audacity dispatched still another detachment, this time of half the force that remained to him, under Stonewall Jackson, to march across the front of the Federal army and turn the right. The movement was no secret; the march was plain to the Federals, but utterly misinterpreted. Hooker, with his vast preponderance, watched the advancing column, making only futile efforts to harass its progress, and awaking to his danger only at sunset, when the crushing blow fell upon the Eleventh Corps. His right was destroyed, but he still stood, more than two to one, compactly arrayed, close at hand to Lee's army, now divided into three well-separated fragments. But Hooker's efforts were more futile than ever. Two splendid corps, under Reynolds and Meade, probably his best subordinates, were scarcely employed at all: the corps that fought were misdirected. Sedgwick, advancing from the east, stormed Marye's Heights, and tried hard at Salem Church to fall on the Confederate rear. While his tactics may have been sometimes faulty, his promptness and resolution were in general admirable. But Hooker, out of his huddled thousands, sent him no help, though Lee from his handful strengthened the opposing line abundantly. A contusion quite disabled Hooker for a time, and perhaps affected his powers until the close of the battle. But there was no transference of command. The Army of the Potomac virtually had no head. To a large extent his corps had not been engaged. It was flung back in deep humiliation across the river which it had so proudly passed, and occupied its old camps with a bitter sense of complete and quite unnecessary failure. Such are the main features of the story of Chancellorsville, a story, we believe, universally accepted. Scarcely one of the points mentioned is in controversy; nor does Major Bigelow in his narrative present any point in a different way. So far from abounding in problems and situations in controversy, the case as to all the main incidents is remarkably clear.

With Major Bigelow's treatment of his theme, after once selecting it, we have almost no fault to find. The presentation is always clear, the maps numerous and careful. To note a small thing, we think undue liberty is sometimes taken in spelling proper names. The author speaks of the difficulty here: he has to

do with a large number of unimportant localities and humble individuals whose names in an unlettered country are often of most uncertain orthography. In the effort for correctness he sometimes goes too far. For instance, one of the most important points on the Chancellorsville terrain is "Tally's," a farm with a log cabin, where Stonewall Jackson first struck the Federal right. In the text this name always appears as "Taylor's"; so also in the maps, although here "Tally" is given in parenthesis after "Taylor's." Heretofore the locality has always had the name "Tally's." It was so known on the battle-day and has been since. In 1904, the present writer visited the spot, enjoying a talk with old "Tally," a patriarchal figure who had interesting things to say about the bearing of Stonewall Jackson. The farmer walked at Jackson's stirrup as his guide, while the last dispositions were made for the attack.

We have insisted that in dealing with Chancellorsville the student has very plain sailing. Among the few things that are debatable perhaps no one is more interesting than why Hooker behaved as he did. Our author cites here some graphic testimony. Two months later Doubleday, Hooker's close friend, said: "Hooker, what was the matter with you at Chancellorsville? Some say you were injured by a shell, some say you were drunk. How was it?" Hooker answered good-naturedly: "Doubleday, I was not hurt by a shell and I was not drunk. I lost confidence in Hooker, and that is all there is to it." Major Bigelow appears to adopt this explanation: Hooker failed through irresolution, which, of course, springs from a lack of confidence. Probably the explanation is correct; but there will always be a suspicion that Hooker's well-known drinking habit affected him here. Couch and others, who were in close contact with him, declare that he took no liquor, but there may be something in the allegation, mentioned by Bigelow but not endorsed, that abstinence from his customary draughts left him not at his best when his faculties should have been most alert.

We feel like saying a word on the ideas prevalent as regards the vast literature of the civil war. In the general mind it is becoming classed under three heads. There are, first, the official records, which are coming to be held as the Bible, so to speak, infallible, or at any rate possessing a trustworthiness approaching perfection. Then we have an Apocrypha, containing the less formal documents of the great leaders' autobiographies, memoirs, and such papers as have been gathered in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," documents less valuable than the canon, to be followed with caution, and yet instructive. Lastly, we have the multifarious Profane Literature, the accounts

of humble participants, and obscure observers and commentators, which, though often interesting, are of worth far inferior, and not to be taken as sources of truth without careful scrutiny. To men inclined to take this view, the exclamation of that good soldier, Gen. George H. Gordon, in one of his books, ought to be disturbing: "God help the history that is based on official records!" He was outraged at the report of his corps commander. In the records themselves one may find a statement of Graham, a brigadier of the Third Corps, denouncing as utter falsehood the report of one of his colonels as to the achievements of his "Zouaves" on a certain field. These out of many. The fact is that many things conspire to make an official report constrained and formal. There is the natural desire of every man to put the best face on things for himself as he sets his case before the government and the world: subordinates must be let off leniently; you must live with them, and it impairs comfort to have them sullen. To make a statement unpleasant to a superior might be construed as insubordination. The public welfare makes it imperative to tell a flattering tale. The temptation is constant to tell not quite the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There are important suppressions of fact in the official records, none more so, perhaps, than as regards Chancellorsville. Hooker's report was never published; our author says "he never made it." Still more: other reports were held back till Hooker should speak, among them so capital a piece of testimony as that of Carl Schurz; for what this admirably qualified witness saw and felt at Chancellorsville we must go, not to the official records, but to Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences." Indeed, it is the case that the roar of many a catastrophe becomes in the official records as mild as the piping of a sucking dove.

We should be sorry to be thought to minimize unduly the value of the official records. Unquestionably they form by far the most important body of evidence as to the period, but they require constantly to be checked and supplemented by other evidence. The memoirs of the leaders, written in after years, though they must be read with discrimination, are most informing. The compendium known as the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" is declared by Henderson, the best English critic of the struggle, to be "one of the most important military authorities ever published"; nor will the student enter fully into the crush and agony of the time who neglects such stories as that of Haskell, who, as an aide of Gibbon, was in the heart of things at Gettysburg, or the diary of the humble "war clerk" at Richmond, or that of Mrs. Chesnut, kept amid the wreck of a Southern home. It

is worth while to say thus much as to the weight properly due to the various classes of evidence relating to our civil war, because men here sometimes judge wrongly. We think that so great an historian as Rhodes falls to some extent into error, and we observe signs in this book that Major Bigelow is not entirely free. Speaking in his preface of his sources, our author has much to say of the high value of the official records, and very little as to testimony of any other kind. We are bound, however, to declare that in the citations in the text there is no neglect of testimony of any kind. The home-letters of the rank and file, newspaper waifs, the gossip of camps and cities, are utilized judiciously to throw light.

Altogether, Major Bigelow's book is masterly. We know of no more satisfactory scientific treatment of a military topic by any American writer. Shall we be thought trifling if we say that the book, while very handsome, is also very heavy? It weighs nearly five pounds and is nearly a foot square. Says Major Bigelow: "Whoever expects to follow a campaign reclining in an easy-chair, with a book in one hand and a cigar in the other, is doomed to disappointment." We should say so. Some of our young soldiers are said to need exercise, and it will perhaps be a good thing if, while perfecting themselves in their art, they can at the same time enjoy a strenuous gymnastic; but what of the discomfort of the old-timers during the many hours necessary to a proper perusal?

CURRENT FICTION.

Just Folks. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The heroine of this modern story of Chicago is a "tiny sprite of a fair-haired girl," a probation officer of the Juvenile Court. Called by the children "de p'leece lady," she resolves to level all barriers that might separate her from them, and we first meet her half-wistfully renouncing a residence in Hull House. The privileges of that "splendid institution" she meant to turn to her advantage and that of her boys and girls, but she elected to avoid the stigma of any appearance of "professional benevolence" by living in the most modest of rooms in the most modest of streets, and by turning her back on the luxury of even a settlement dwelling. The book naturally is a document of the most personal social service among "the other half," carried on under enlightened modern conditions. That any new theories are advanced is not to be said. But the book gives an account of the slums and the slum-dwellers, from the point of view of an equal, one might say, were it not rather as from that of an inferior, treating of her betters. The writer understands her Irish, her Rus-

sian, her Pole. She puts her characters through diverse paces of shiftlessness, misdemeanor, fidelity, heroism. Her heroine faces difficulties ranging from the recovery of pawned clothes to the tracing of traffickers in white slaves. She is full of tenderness and good sense, and only temporarily is tempted to defy the law in behalf of her stray lambs. The "awkward Samaritanism" of the rich is her reddest rag, and she does not always escape on her own part sentimentality for the poor. But hers is a clear ray shed upon dark questions, and her story a modest lesson in unaffected brotherhood.

The Vicar of the Marches. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

For those who like to hasten with an autobiographical hero through a series of hearty adventures, tinged with hate and vengeance, and colored with love, Tiso di Camposanpiero will make a welcome companion; his struggles against the fell power of Ezzillino da Romano, "well christened by some," as Tiso himself says, "Ezzillino the Devil," are both valiant and plentiful. Indeed, Mr. Scollard has written a story thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the rough times of the old Italian city-states, when Guelph and Ghibelline were at each other's throats, and feud and rapine were rife in the land. If the occasional clank of machinery makes a jarring note in the story, and if we find both hero and villain even more prodigious in their respective qualities than is usual in tales of the type, "The Vicar of the Marches" is, none the less, good reading enough, and the spirit of old romance is softened here and there by a poetic note, the echo of its author's familiar verse.

The Old Flute-Player. By Edward Marshall and Charles Dazey. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

A wealthy American woman suspects her companion, a well-bred young German girl, of stealing a diamond ring. She hastens with the accusation to the girl's father, an impecunious musician. He, instantly taking his daughter's guilt for granted, assumes the responsibility for the crime. The daughter arrives in the nick of time to prove her innocence—the ring has been given her by her employer's son, to whom she is engaged. The implacable mother will consent to the match only on condition that the shabby musician shall not attempt to see his daughter again. Everybody breathe hard! The musician, by documentary evidence, proves himself "Count Otto von Lichtenstahl." Down falls mamma at his feet and entreats his daughter's hand for her son.

To make the presence of humor more than doubly sure, the author has in-

troduced several dialects, including an alliance of German, Cockney, and Italian. Perhaps the realest thing in the book is a burlesqued Ellis Island scene, in which the faithful M'riar, an amusing specimen of the familiar "slavery" type, figures with distinction.

The Purchase Price. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In "The Purchase Price" Mr. Hough has given a glimpse of the troubled days of the Missouri Compromise. Politics and history are freely discussed and treated with attention to detail. The dominating character is that of a beautiful Hungarian countess, an emissary of Kossuth, who puts her heart and fortune into the abolitionist cause. Her influence is so great that the authorities at Washington have her quietly kidnapped. Here the love story begins, and it proves to be an exciting one, though not before Josephine St. Auban has lost her fortune, and, like many pioneers of reform, has been badly treated by those she tried to help.

Aside from the romance, the book should be of interest to those who are not wholly familiar with that period of our history, in which conflicting Federal and State laws complicated the issue between the advocates and opponents of slavery. "As neither of the great parties of the day filled its ranks from either section," says Mr. Hough, "so in both sections, there were many who espoused, as many denied, the right of men to own slaves. We speak of slavery as the one great question of that day. It was not and never has been the greatest. The question of democracy—that was even then, and it is now, the greatest question." The book has received a dress worthy of the theme.

The Blue Arch. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Most women are loved for something they give a man, for the relation, not for themselves. But you will be loved for what you are, for yourself, like some stupendous natural beauty. . . . Women who are loved like that are not easily forgotten." Such is the distinction of Nina Sinnott, who, besides, is an engaging blend of *ingenue* and *savante*. She graduates from college with an astronomical bent, and pursues her vocation in the face of family opposition and dismay. As a crotchety astronomer's secretary in a mountain observatory, and later as teacher in a college, she achieves gratifying successes; but being, by her innocence and involuntary seductiveness, quite unfitted to cope with the insidious dangers of an academic community, she is caught in the toils of a faculty scandal. Thereupon the crotchety astronomer turns human enough to extricate and marry

her. He had never made the mistake of forcing his love upon her. He had merely permitted her to carry him his luncheon, and to stay up nights recording his observations.

The atmosphere of the whole book is rather thin and cold and dry. One is oppressed by a sense of restricting conventions, and the danger of lapsing from a great height. It is difficult to believe that beings of real flesh and blood could keep alive, much less make love in it. Some of the subordinate characters, especially a likable flirtatious sister of Nina's, are graceful and distinct, but they have all to be sternly repressed in order to vindicate the attractiveness of a very special type of intellectual femininity.

Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun. By Kate Horn. New York: Brentano's.

The pastoral adventures of Lord Edward Estcourt, second son of the Marquis of Adair and of his child-wife Gabrielle: how they endured poverty for a season at King's Cheval, a small property on the Suffolk Broads; how they were there subject to the heavy-handed ministrations of a single servant, Mrs. Honeybun; how, for a period, they were delivered from her by one Seth Cattermole, agriculturalist; how, in a dark hour of misfortune and financial stress, Mrs. Honeybun returned upon them in her true character—a blessing well disguised; how in due time, by the discovery of a hidden legacy, they were restored to happiness and abundance.

There is a delightful incongruity in pretending to introduce such exquisites as "Edward and I" to "the sordid miseries of poverty" and in picturing them involved in the complexities of the simple life. The sweet fragility of a Gabrielle was clearly never intended for rough uses; nor was Edward designed for endurance. The story is told in a whimsically artificial wording, graceful, decorous, a little stilted, like the pose of the Chelsea shepherdess on Aunt Sabitha's book-shelf, and leaves the reader with a charming impression of the idyllic, at once naïve and antiquated.

TYPES OF UNIVERSITIES.

Great American Universities. By Edwin E. Slosson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Slosson has rendered a valuable service to that large proportion of the general public, with or without a tincture of letters, which is mainly dependent upon intercollegiate athletes for its ideas of the characteristics of our leading educational institutions. He has spent a week—not an afternoon on the "bleachers"—at each of the fourteen universities ranked by their annual expenditure for instruction at the

head of the list prepared by the Carnegie Foundation: Columbia, Harvard, Chicago, Michigan, Yale, Cornell, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, California, Stanford, Princeton, Minnesota, and Johns Hopkins. The record of his brief sojourns makes without padding a volume of over five hundred pages. It is no exaggeration to say that he presents a more distinct and many-sided view of every institution considered than many an old graduate could give of his own alma mater. The amount of solid information that he conveys along with his personal impressions is surprising. He has had an eye to the picturesque aspects of undergraduate life. He has meditated on the mysteries of university architecture. He has listened to the significant gossip of students and faculty. But he has also invaded the offices of registrars and presidents and presidents' secretaries; has visited classrooms and laboratories; has studied catalogues and university annals. He presents his facts in the effective form of graphs and diagrams, and he relieves the burden of the tale by the help of a dry humor and copious illustrations. He has, furthermore, ideas enough about administration, education, and research to set up a college president. The book is therefore no mere piece of superficial impressionism; it has what Mr. Slosson likes to call "dynamic" qualities. In order to appreciate its virtues it is necessary to understand that its author is literary editor of *The Independent*, that he is from Kansas, and that he is an ex-chemist.

As a journalist he urges the universities to keep in touch with the modern world. He thinks the humanistic brethren are somewhat slow in availing themselves of mechanical appliances such as the stereopticon, the phonograph, and moving pictures to relieve the monotony of their lectures. He is struck by the inability of many of the universities to maintain literary magazines and literary interests among the undergraduates. Perhaps his boldest suggestion relates to the doctor's thesis in English literature. It touches, at any rate, upon the sterilizing influence of much of our "higher" English study. Mr. Slosson cannot understand why doctors' theses in English should be limited to linguistics or literary history. Arguing from analogy with other professional degrees he says:

It seems to me that it would be only fair to require of every candidate for Ph.D. in English literature the writing of a successful novel, a volume of good essays, a poem of distinct merit, an acceptable play, or some contribution to belles-lettres that will meet with the approval of the judicious if not of the public. . . . That is, if literature is a science, it should require original contributions to knowledge like the other sciences. If it is an art, it should require craftsmanship like the other arts. If it partakes of the character of both, it

should meet both requirements instead of dodging both by keeping between.

As a western man, Mr. Slosson is a modernist, an ardent progressive, and a believer in "the people." He feels heartily in sympathy with the dominant ideals of the State universities—their industry, their democracy, their industrial and professional education, their immediate service to the commonwealth. He experiences no academic languor in the presence of milk tests, cement tests, soil analysis, scientific cookery, and pottery. These things seem to him as legitimate curriculum material as rhyme tests, style analysis, and poetry. For he recognizes, in short, as few Eastern bred men are able to do, the "utilitarian idealism"—please accentuate "idealism"—of Martha, busy about many things.

Mr. Slosson, as we have said, is, like Mr. Eliot, an ex-chemist, and his scientific proclivities reinforce his Western modernism and progressivism. He failed to catch the enthusiasm when they talked to him at Yale about their traditions. For traditions as such he obviously does not care a snap of the fingers. On the contrary, that a thing is an innovation appears to him decidedly in its favor. If it is not an improvement, it is at least an experiment; and the experimental temper indicates that a man is looking where the West looks; where science looks—into the future. Like Mill, he believes it is important "to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time appear which of these are fit to be considered customs." Not disposed, as some renowned educators are, to fix his eyes upon the peerless perfections of a single institution, he deplores the imitativeness of the universities, wishes them to specialize, and differentiate themselves as much as possible—each one to work upon an original plan of educational salvation.

Mr. Slosson takes what we may call the university point of view as distinguished from what he calls the point of view of the "old-fashioned college." He has the open mind, the catholic taste, and the optimism of the younger generation which believes in everything. It is interesting to compare with this spirit, the diagnosis of the present educational situation recently made by an English journalist, Mr. Chesterton. The one thing from which we are all shrinking to-day, says Mr. Chesterton, is that "ancestral responsibility to which our fathers committed us when they took the wild step of becoming men. I mean the responsibility of affirming the truth of our human tradition and handing it on with a voice of authority, an unshakable voice. That is the one eternal education; to be sure enough that something is true that you dare to tell it to a child. From this high audacious duty the moderns are fleeing on every side;

and the only excuse for them is (of course), that their modern philosophies are so half-baked and hypothetical that they cannot convince themselves enough to convince even a newborn babe."

Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by the Duke of Argyll, K.T. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and Other Illustrations. In two volumes. London: Stanley Paul & Co.

There is nothing that serves so well to revive the past as a body of old letters, especially when these are artless, unpremeditated epistles, free from every trace of literary self-consciousness, and springing from no other inspiration than that of affection, interest, the urgency of affairs, or the mere love of gossip and the need of human intercourse. Then no subject, no turn of expression, is taboo, and the reader has all the advantage of the eavesdropper without any of the sensations of shame and guilt. To be sure, it requires to some extent a special imaginative and historical faculty to extract from such letters all they have to yield.

This is the principal difficulty for the general reader in the present work. It consists largely of letters written by men and women who, if not unknown to history, are quite unknown to literature. These not infrequently display small literary aptitude. Hence there is much in the two bulky volumes that will appeal only to those who are accustomed to the study of contemporary documents and the dry task of separating the grain of wheat from the mass of unremunerative chaff. The opening series of letters addressed by John, second Duke of Argyll, to Queen Anne, and to Lord Godolphin, on the subject of the union of England and Scotland are occupied exclusively with political affairs and official business, and are scarcely related to the plan and scope of the work as indicated by its title. The same is true in a measure of the next series of "Documents relating to the Jacobite Wars in 1716 and 1745," though they contain some interesting particulars of military movements in the Highlands during those exciting and romantic years. A chapter of "Domestic Documents," including accounts which show "the cost of living" at Holyrood Abbey, a part of which was regularly occupied by the Dukes of Argyll, comes closer to answering the reader's expectations.

By far the greatest number of letters in the first volume are those written either by, or to, Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, who, of course, was one of the beautiful Gunning sisters, and who married successively the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Argyll, having two sons by each marriage. As all of these, in turn, succeeded to their family estates, she was called

"the wife of two Dukes and the mother of four." The lady's letters show the intelligence and force of character for which she is remembered almost as much as for her beauty. But for a really human note, one must turn to the letters which open the second volume, and which were written to the Duchess by Dr. Moore, father of the "hero of Corunna," concerning her younger son by her first marriage, Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. This rather shallow and indolent young man was engaged in making the customary European grand tour with the learned and serious doctor as his preceptor and companion, and it was part of the latter's duty to make periodic reports upon the progress and physical and moral health of the fledgling peer. The relations between the two are not without their side of unconscious humor, especially when the Duke, breaking bounds, allies himself with several young English officers, and accompanies them to Magdebourg, giving his mentor the slip, and leaving him to write an uneasy but guarded account of the escapade to the truant's mother. The poor doctor's patience must, indeed, often have been sorely tried, and one feels that it was only a trace of obsequiousness towards the rank of his noble patrons, coupled with a prudent desire to conserve the good will of so influential a family, that kept him from throwing up his job or at least making a much more candid report of his charge's character and shortcomings than any which he sends the Duchess. Here, at least, there is a real side-light upon society in the eighteenth century, though it is scarcely a novel one. At all events, it is pleasant to know that Dr. Moore received his reward for his fidelity, even though this was not entirely disinterested or unmixed with what we should to-day call "snobbishness." It was through the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll that his son received that commission in the Fifty-second Regiment which opened the way to his brilliant military career. As it was through the influence of the same lady that Wolfe also received his commission, it should seem as if England owed much to this beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, who was herself daughter of a soldier.

European experiences of another sort were the lot of Lord John Campbell, who toured the Continent, in 1803, and who barely escaped arrest at the orders of Napoleon by crossing the Swiss frontier, dressed as a woman. He had previously met the First Consul, of whom he gives two interesting descriptions in a letter to the Marquis of Lorne. It must have been the fresh and unspoiled simplicity of the young Briton that fascinated Mme. de Staël. Not the least interesting letters in the collection are those which that lady wrote him from Coppet, where he

and a friend named Robinson had visited her. With much ardor she expresses her desolation at their departure, and her desire to see them again. "There is that in your character and in the spirit of both of you," she writes, "a kind of charm which makes me feel a perfect happiness, and I do not know what one would not do to rejoin those who have the magic talent of making one feel happy." Doubtless what really speaks in these effusive epistles is the active boredom of the brilliant woman cooped up in her provincial chateau, and kept by her tyrant from returning to that Paris where alone she felt it possible to live.

The bulk of the books is rather gratuitously increased by the appending of English translations to the French originals of these letters and of those from Saussure, son of the great Swiss naturalist, who was another of Lord John's Continental acquaintances. Also the work as a whole would have profited if it had been shortened by half. Some of the letters, though of slight intrinsic interest or importance, were naturally retained because of the fame of the writers—William Pitt, George Washington, Samuel Johnson, Rob Roy, and others. But there are groups where it would have been wiser to make a representative selection. That the editor did not do this is due in part, perhaps, to a pardonable pride in the family archives of the Campbells, Dukes of Argyll, and a desire to reveal their wonderful richness for the documentation of social life in the eighteenth century.

Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend. By Lillian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

This is the life of a very feminine and sympathetic woman of talent by an extremely sympathetic and somewhat irritatingly feminine biographer. Mrs. Moulton was a writer of stories for children, literary correspondent, and reviewer for several journals, and a minor poet of slender compass but with an interesting personal and lyrical note. She had the temperament that craves and wins love, friendship, and admiration, and she repaid all her creditors with a bountiful hand. "In criticism," she says, "I made up my mind, long ago, that one should be like Swedenborg's angels, who sought to find the good in everything." The fruit of this angelic spirit in criticism may be suggested by the fact that at her death her library included about six hundred autographed volumes, of which not more than a fifth, according to Prof. Arlo Bates, contained "well-known names." Born in 1835, Mrs. Moulton was a critic and author by the time of the civil war, and she continued to write and make friends with writers, both in America and in England, till 1908. Her list of literary ac-

quaintances begins with the Boston and Cambridge group of Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Alcott, and Lowell, and extends to John Davidson, A. C. Benson, and William Watson.

There was material here for something more than a memoir of a coterie or a parish, but the possibilities have not been realized. The biographer sets out in this lofty and alarming strain:

Genius, love, and friendship make up a triple dower which holds within itself the possibilities of high destiny. Their changing combinations comprise all intensities of human joy and human sorrow: the richness of sympathetic companionship; the enchantments of romance; the glow and passion of artistic achievement. . . .

After such an overture one relinquishes hope of any distinct presentation of Mrs. Moulton's character or appraisal of her poetical accomplishment. Between her and the reader there has been introduced the veiling enthusiasm of an admirer without a particle of humor, critical discrimination, or feeling for literary perspective. The result is the more distressing for the reason that humor and a sense for perspective are not prominent qualities either in the specimens of Mrs. Moulton's letters and journals here displayed or in the abundant extracts from the letters of her appreciative friends. As solemnly as if appealing to the highest tribunal, Lillian Whiting quotes Mrs. Spofford's verdict on Mrs. Moulton's last volume of poems: "'At the Wind's Will,'" says Mrs. Spofford, "fitly crowns the literary achievement of the century. . . . Her work exhibited in previous volumes has given her a rank among the foremost poets of the world." The labor expended by the biographer in accumulating testimonials of this nature is only equalled by her industry in setting forth the "brilliant" dinners, receptions, evenings-at-home, etc., at which Mrs. Moulton was present, together with a list of the other "brilliant" guests, checked off with comment suitable to the "Society" column of a daily newspaper. The point of view is parochial.

Notes

Smith, Elder & Co. are preparing for publication early next year a supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography which will include names of persons who have died in the interval between the death of Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901, and the close of 1910. Suggestions are invited by the editor, Sidney Lee, which may be sent in the care of the publishers.

The opening article in the *Annales de Géographie* directs attention to the work of the hydrologic service of the United States Geological Survey. It is stated that through its long-continued and widely extended observations it has contributed more than any other similar service to the solution of the great problems of erosion and

continental denudation which lie at the base of physical geography. A detailed account, illustrated by reproductions of photographs, is given of the sixth geographical excursion of the French university students made last June, during which the western Alps were studied.

The "List of Books Printed in the Fifteenth Century in the John Carter Brown Library and the General Library of Brown University," which originally appeared as an appendix to A. W. Pollard's "Catalogue of the Rush C. Hawkins Collection," has been issued in separate form, with two plates not in the previous publication. These show the front and back covers of a binding which is signed "Illigatus in Gyslingen 1470 per me Richenbach." There is a short account of the work of Johannes Richenbach of Gieslingen, who was probably the most widely known bookbinder of the fifteenth century, in the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* for last September, by Seymour de Ricci of Paris. M. de Ricci describes seven surviving bindings signed by Richenbach in European collections, and notes the sale at auction of three more, the present location of which he has not traced. The John Carter Brown example makes the eleventh recorded.

In his "Hidden Signatures of Francesco Colonna and Francis Bacon" (Boston: W. A. Butterfield) W. S. Booth devotes about half of his book to the subject of his title, and the rest to other forms of Baconian "evidence." For the attacks made on his previous acrostics in Shakespeare's Folio he can find no better refutation than ridicule. In his present argument he relies mainly on a single acrostic signature, similar in principle to his former ones, but complicated by the presence of certain numerical properties relating to the date of the play, etc. In working out these numerical properties the author has used figures at will to suit his own aims; and that he should gain such results by such methods is not surprising. We have found numerical combinations almost as astonishing in the first book which came to hand. And the explanation of our method is also the explanation of Mr. Booth's. Had we formulated what we were looking for beforehand, our chances of finding it would have been very small; but we were not looking for a set formula, but simply for *any* striking combination. Mr. Booth was not looking for a signature Baconicsnarf, but for any one of his many combinations which would work out, and his chance of finding such a signature is not his chance of finding Baconicsnarf (as he erroneously assumes) but his chance of finding any one of a great number of combinations. All Mr. Booth's mathematical reasoning is wrong because he ignores a very fundamental principle; that the chances of having anything occur are given by a fraction, having all possible chances as its denominator and *all possible favorable chances as its numerator*. For instance, a man's chance of drawing any one particular card in a pack of 52 would be 1-52; but his chances of drawing a heart would be 13-52. Now suppose that a man before drawing should be satisfied with any heart; but that after drawing he decided that the heart actually drawn was the only one he wanted. His real chance of success would be 13-52 or $\frac{1}{4}$; but he would say that his chance of success was 1-52. This

represents Mr. Booth's position exactly, and shows why he can prove things impossible by mathematics when other men have proved them possible in practice. He says that there is one chance in eighteen of finding a capital B beginning the first line in the Folio. But a capital F, I, M, O, S, N, or T would have offered him just as favorable a chance, for each of these letters occurs at one end of some of his acrostics, and each could have been justified later by some different juggling of his hints and numerals. Moreover, the position held by the M of *Mast* would be just as significant as that held by the B of Boteswaine, had it worked out. We have then eight possible letters and two possible positions for each; and the chance of getting started is not 1-18, but nearly 16-18, or almost certainty.

As for the rest of the book, Mr. Booth's literary scholarship seems of a piece with his mathematics. The fact that Bacon could write a sonnet in an age when sonnetteering was a fad is no proof that he could write Hamlet's soliloquy; nor does the fact that he showed some admiration for poetry prove that he could write "The Tempest," for on that basis all cultivated men would be Shakespeares. Neither are we greatly impressed when the author sets his own unsupported literary judgment above that of Spedding. When Spedding said that a few lines of Bacon's best verse were almost equal to Dryden's, he did not mean that it was quite equal to Shakespeare's. These books on the Baconian theory are like the desert, tedious to travel through and useless to mankind.

In "The Historic Episcopate" (Philadelphia: The Westminster Press), Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, favorably known by his history of American Presbyterianism and by his interest in church unity, has given an admirable introduction to the main question at issue between Presbyterianism and the Episcopacy. Firmly believing that the way can be cleared for the reunion of Christendom only by a reexamination of the historical grounds for the theory of the "divine right of the historic episcopate" and "of an Apostolical Succession of manually consecrated bishops as the necessary channel of grace in the Christian church," he devotes himself to the study of the matter historically in the hope of contributing to a consensus of opinion. He concludes that the theory mentioned has no warrant in the Scriptures, as Jerome testifies, or in the earlier Christian literature; for the writers of the second century, Ignatius and "Ireneus" (so the name is consistently spelled) excepted, are "The Presbyterian Fathers," as the title of the second chapter significantly suggests. Dr. Thompson has difficulty in accepting the Ignatian Epistles as authentic, and is convinced that the monarchic bishop therein presupposed is not the diocesan bishop of modern times, but the pastor of an urban church whose members constitute a single congregation. He does not allude to the suggestion of Harnack in his treatment of Third John (1897), that Diotrephes is the first monarchical bishop whose name we know. Of Ireneus, the writer is also suspicious, at least of his reference to the establishment of a monarchic episcopacy in Rome. He thinks, however, that the estimable Bishop of Lyons was too wise to commit himself to the theory

that John set up a monarchic bishop in Ephesus. Not in the New Testament, not in the second century really, but in Cyprian is to be found the conception of the church "as a visible corporation, within which alone, and through whose bishops alone, the Holy Spirit confers grace upon men," and the other conception "of the succession of those bishops to the authority and functions of the Apostles." These conceptions, leading to papacy, were "elaborated from age to age by the later fathers," in spite of Jerome, by the "Romanist Canonists since 1570, and the Anglican polemics since 1589." Dr. Thompson closes with the question: "Are these to remain the permanent obstacle to a reunion of our Protestant Christendom?"

Fletcher Moss, who is his own publisher at the Old Parsonage, Didsbury, England, has sent us "The Fifth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes." It is an agreeable mélange of genealogy, archaeology, and general history, mostly referring to Wales and the Scotch border. Naworth Castle, where the author took time to transcribe some amusing domestic accounts, Lanercost Priory, Newcastle, Stokesay, the Roman Wall from Newcastle to Carlisle, are typical subjects. The large octavo volume contains more than two hundred halftone cuts. Mr. Moss's greatest find is the actual wall behind which Caractacus made his last stand against the Romans. A sceptic might have his doubts. In fact, the book is chiefly interesting as giving the point of view of an amiable and almost extinct race, that of local antiquaries. Whoever reads Mr. Moss's recipe for roadside tea is sufficiently warned of idiosyncrasy:

Into a nice china teacup put three or four or more lumps of sugar, according to taste. On to the sugar pour boiling hot, freshly brewed tea, enough to cover and melt the sugar. Fill up with sweet cream skimmed from the fresh milk of cows. Drink and be thankful.

There is no accounting for popular taste. C. Reginald Enock's "The Andes and the Amazon," which received a scant welcome from geographical critics in 1907, has now gone into its fourth edition, to meet the demands of a public that likes to read about "The beautiful Andes; the terrible Andes; the life-giving Andes; the death-dealing Andes!" Perhaps one reason the book has been so popular in England is on account of its attitude toward the United States. In speaking of the Monroe Doctrine, at which Mr. Enock is inclined to look askance, he remarks: "Unfortunately the business and administrative methods of the North Americans are not such as to warrant their taking up the position of mentor to any one. . . . One thing is certain, the closer their association with Great Britain the sooner will their capacity for righteous administration be developed." The latest edition (imported by Scribners) is in a cheaper form than the others. The colored plates and the map have been omitted, but the charming frontispiece portrait of the distinguished author has been retained. Otherwise there is no change.

A new and revised edition of "The Industrial History of the United States," by Prof. Katharine Coman of Wellesley College, first published in 1905, is issued by Macmillan. The particular merit of this book, for those wishing to familiarize

themselves thoroughly with the subject, is the copious bibliographical references in the margin, for authority and further information on the topics briefly handled in the text. These references have been brought so closely up to date as to include historical or economic publications issued from the press barely a month ago.

Emerson Hough's "Singing Mouse Stories" (Bobbs-Merrill) are not stories, but sketchy allegories, somewhat lacking in concreteness and, accordingly, in effectiveness. Parable is so neglected in our time that any indication of interest in it on the part of a writer might be welcomed, but to call this collection much more than such an indication would be to exaggerate the facts. A selection will best show the tone of the book:

"Do you know the story of the Wedding of the Times?" said the Singing Mouse. "You know, all life is a wedding. The flowers love, and the grasses, and the trees; and the circle of the wedding ring is the circle of life and the sign of eternity. Death and life, not life and then death, is the order and the law."

Less commonplace in idea and finer in expression is a short paragraph in the section entitled *The Bell and the Shadows*:

"Thoughts," said the Singing Mouse softly. "Thoughts and remembrances. These are the things that live for ever. It is only the shadows that are real!"

In "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road" (Macmillan), H. Addington Bruce continues his work in the interesting field he entered with his "Romance of Western Expansion." As a biography of Boone—and the present book is more than that—it would not be just to compare it with the valuable life by Dr. Thwaites. But as an account of the work of Boone and his companions it is a book of real value. Mr. Bruce's historical writing is of a kind which, fortunately, is more common than formerly, and which, while written in an entertaining and popular vein, is far from hack work. The author has sought to make the book serve the double purpose of a life of Boone and an account of the first phase of the nation's territorial expansion west of the Alleghenies. This idea has been well carried out. Boone's contribution to the upbuilding of the country is set forth in all its stirring and romantic details, but the author has not allowed the biographical matter to hide his deeper purpose of portraying the process of expansion in its political, economic, and military aspects. Indeed, his success in balancing these two purposes is so well done that it is difficult to say whether the book ought to be classed as a history or a biography.

The Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., for the year 1910 were delivered by Bishop William Fraser McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are published under the title "In the School of Christ" (Revell). Concerned with the training of young men for the Christian ministry, they set forth the religious lessons the prospective minister should learn from a devotional study of the Gospels. Much of their matter is neither new nor original, but the spirit is earnest, practical, and devout. The most valuable suggestion is that each clergyman, as well as the religious leaders of a city or country district, should have a well-defined pro-

gramme of work, based on careful study of the field. The plea for a more effective ministry is forcefully spoken. The same lectures at Vanderbilt University for the previous year were by the Rev. Charles McTear Bishop, on "Jesus the Worker: Studies in the Ethical Leadership of the Son of Man" (Revell). Their publication has been delayed until now. Dr. Bishop surveys the activities of Jesus during his ministry as examples and incentives for Christian service to-day.

"Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian Manuscripts, edited with corrections, additions, notes, and unpublished fragments" (Frowde), by A. H. Koszul, is intended to serve as a sequel to C. D. Locock's examination of the verse in the same collection. It presents conveniently the "Essay on Christianity," "A Defence of Poetry," and fragments on marriage, God, and metaphysics and morals. The substance of these fragments, often rough notes, adds little or nothing that is new to the body of Shelley's thought before published; but may be useful in fixing more precisely than we knew before the dates at which certain of his mental attitudes first took hold of him.

Alfred Söderström of Warroad, Minn., has been occupied for some years past in collecting material for a history of the Swedish press in America. This material, written largely by himself, with contributions by others, he has now published under the title "Blixtar på tidningshorisonten." We find reminiscences, anecdotes, character sketches, etc. On pp. 16-53 there is a complete list of Swedish-American newspapers and other periodical publications, in all not less than 1,158, of which 58 weekly and 232 monthly journals are still current.

Two or three years ago Dr. Ernst Schultze of Hamburg, the well-known promotor of the cause of public libraries, published the first volume of an *Archiv für das Volksbildungswesen aller Kulturvölker*, which was intended to be a repository for information about all phases of popular education. Unfortunately, only this one volume appeared, but it is really complete in itself, as its several articles make up a handbook on the progress of public libraries, museums, lecture courses, etc., up to the date of its issue, in the year 1907. The two numbers which have so far appeared of the quarterly *Volksbildungsarchiv*, published for the Zentralstelle für Volkswohlfahrt as "contributions to the scientific intensifying of the movements for popular education," and edited by Dr. Robert von Erdberg, contain several important contributions. Rudolph Eucken offers some thoughts on the ideal of popular culture, while Walter Hoffmann in Dresden publishes a large amount of statistical material on the reading of the working classes.

The next, or tenth, publication of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft will be a new work by Seymour di Ricci, the author of the "Census of Caxtons," being a "Catalogue raisonné des premières impressions de Mayence," together with minute descriptions, the history of each copy to date, and the price paid for it. This announcement is made in the ninth annual report, from which we also learn that the society is to bring out a study by Gottfried Zedler of Albrecht Pfister, the printer of Bamberg, who came into possession of Gutenberg's

earliest type. As usual, the report is accompanied by the address at the annual meeting—"Die liturgischen Druckmäler in ihrer Blütezeit," by Dr. Karl Schottenloher.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America will be held at the College of the City of New York, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, December 28, 29, 30.

The general meeting of the Archæological Institute of America for 1910 will be held at Brown University, Providence, December 27-30. There will be five sessions for the reading of papers, including joint sessions with the American Philological Association and the American Anthropological Association. The titles of the papers to be presented are as follows:

"Roman Privernum," by Henry H. Armstrong, Princeton University; "The Purification of Orestes," by William H. Bates, University of Pennsylvania; "New Facts Regarding Justus van Ghent," by Morton H. Bernath; "Report on the Excavation of Sardis," by Howard Crosby Butler, Princeton University; "Classical Studies and the Awakening in Art," by Mitchell Carroll; "An Archaic Greek Grave Stele in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston," by Lacey D. Caskey, Boston; "The Bird Motive in Ancient Pajaritan Pottery," by Kenneth M. Chapman, Santa Fé; "A Bronze Cista in the Loeb Collection," by George H. Chase, Harvard University; "The Erechtheum," by George W. Elderkin, Princeton University; "The Case of Kyniska," by Alfred Emerson, Chicago; "Report on the Excavation of Cyrene," by Arthur Fairbanks, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; "The Work of the School of American Archæology in 1910," by Alice C. Fletcher, Washington; "Two Lekythoi in the Worcester Art Museum," by Elizabeth M. Gardiner, Worcester; "Measurements of 1910 in the Spiral Stairway of the Leaning Tower of Pisa," by William H. Goodyear, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; "Philistine and Hebrew in Palestine," by Elihu Grant, Smith College; "American Excavations in Crete in 1910," by Edith H. Hall, Mt. Holyoke College; "The Tewa Game of Kahtohphe," by John P. Harrington, Santa Fé; "The Sequence in the Development of Art in Copan and Quirigua," by Edgar L. Hewett; "Parthenon Studies," by B. H. Hill, Athens; "The Harvard Excavations of 1910 in Samaria," by D. G. Lyon, Harvard University; "Classic Myths in Art," Edmund von Mach, Cambridge; "Della Robbias in America," by Allan Marquand, Princeton University; "Italian Paintings in America," by Frank J. Mather, Jr., Princeton University; "Some Ostraka from Samaria," by George F. Moore, Harvard University; "The Historical Value of the Books of Chilan Balam," by Sylvanus G. Morley, Santa Fé; "The Excavation of Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park," by Jesse L. Nusbaum, Santa Fé; "Survivals of Primitive Religion in Syria," by Lewis Bayles Paton, Hartford Theological Seminary; "Some Incantation Bowls from Nippur," by James A. Montgomery, University of Pennsylvania; "The Chair of Maximilian in Ravenna," Thomas J. Preston, Jr.; "Coptic Architectural Fragments recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum," by Caroline L. Ransom, New York; "Two Copies of the Head of Athena Parthenos from Corinth," by David H. Robinson, Johns Hopkins University; "Notes on the Recent Egyptian Acquisitions from Gizeh now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts," by L. Erle Rowe, Boston; "A Marble Roman Bowl from Bagdad," by Oliver S. Tonks, Princeton University; "Methods of Classifying Roman Concrete Structures," by Esther Boise Van Deman, research associate of the Carnegie Institution, Rome, and "The Work of Domitian on the Palatine Hill in Rome," by Esther Boise Van Deman.

According to the report of the treasurer of the institute, which has been distributed in anticipation of the meeting, the income from all sources in the last fiscal year, exclusive of the gift of James Loeb for the endowment of the Charles Eliot Norton

memorial lectureship (noticed in the *Nation* October 21, 1909), amounted to \$33,684.47; the number of members is now 3,000, distributed in thirty-two affiliated societies. The rapid growth of the institute in recent years is indicated by the fact that as late as 1902 it had approximately 1,000 members, and an income of less than \$7,500 a year.

The death is announced, in his forty-third year, of Paul Eve Stevenson, the author of the following books: "A Deep Water Voyage," "By Way of Cape Horn," and "The Race for the Emperor's Cup."

Science

Common Weeds of the Farm and Garden. By Harold C. Long, in collaboration with John Percival. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$2 net.

This book deals with British weeds, but since weeds are cosmopolites, much of the treatise may be applied to these plants found anywhere under the same general climatic conditions. The authors—one a member of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and the other a professor of agricultural botany in University College, Reading, England—have given us a very readable and instructive work.

There are sundry mischiefs attributable to weeds: they hinder proper and thorough cultivation; they harbor injurious insects and fungi; they diminish the ease with which a crop can be harvested; their seeds may reduce the value of harvested grain; they may block an entire system of underdrainage; and, worst of all, they take up room and absorb much moisture, air, light, and heat. The sum of injury is variously estimated by good observers as from 30 to 47 per cent. In other words, the farmer is obliged to calculate whether it is worth while for him to fight to save this large percentage. Such a question is one of great importance to every cultivator, whether he is farmer, gardener, or merely an amateur.

But how came certain seed-plants to be the enemies of man? They are not all of them descendants of the punitive thorns and thistles. Why should a few plants more than others contest with cultivated crops the right to every foot of the soil? If we glance at what has taken place in recent times a partial answer can be suggested, namely, that these plants, called weeds, have by some unhappy accident obtained a start over the others and have kept the supremacy. A single illustration will make this suggestion probable. The island of Tasmania possesses a climate which is favorable for rapid and healthy growth of almost any vegetation of the temperate zones. Some of the early colonists, wishing to surround their homes with garden plants holding pleasant associations with their English birthplace, selected, among other things, the common

sweet-briar, the eglantine. Within a few years this innocent plant had invaded much arable ground, rendering it absolutely useless, and resisting all attempts to exterminate it. In short, it has now become one of the worst possible weeds, exceeding in its pertinacity even the most troublesome thistles. It had been freed from all of its British enemies of fungi and insects, and it proceeded to run riot. As time passed, it found some Australasian foes, but they were not those of the old surroundings. Another illustration is found in the so-called "water-hyacinth," which, coming from the district of the Amazon, spread so rapidly in the still waters of Florida as to call for governmental intervention to eradicate it. But there is this marked difference between the plants which suddenly encroach upon the domain of other plants in a new country and the common weeds, that the former soon reach a point of luxuriance from which they decline, whereas most weeds hold their own against all comers. Nevertheless it is probable that some temporary freedom from enemies gave most of our weeds a start at the outset.

Our flowering plants have in general two modes of reproduction, one by seeds, and the other by buds or offshoots of some kind. The very process of "weeding" by hoeing or pulling may break the plant into fragments, each of which is virtually a "cutting" or "slip," ready for independent growth. And hence it happens that the cultivator may be a distributor of the very plant he is trying to eradicate. But the immense number of seeds produced by plants must not be forgotten as an important factor in their distribution. And, moreover, it must be remembered that the seeds of a certain number of our weeds are mature at about the time of harvesting, and are by it disseminated. Still further, it must not be forgotten that almost every plant under cultivation is a helpless thing, dependent upon man for enrichment of the soil and for a certain degree of protection from harmful influences. On the other hand, weeds, as a rule, can look out for themselves and avail themselves of the enrichment of the soil, so that, in fact, the strife between weeds and crops is very unequal. In all of its aspects it is a strife which is extremely interesting to every onlooker except the farmer or the gardener. The present treatise shows plainly how the cultivator can give his crops much-needed aid.

With the issue of this month, the *Political Science Quarterly* completes its twenty-fifth year. The one hundredth number, like the first, appears under the managing editorship of Prof. Munroe Smith of Columbia University. Prof. F. J. Goodnow, who contributed an article to the first number, furnishes the opening article in this issue. In "The Legislative Power of Congress Under the Judicial Article of

the Constitution," Professor Goodnow argues that Congress has wide powers of legislation which are still unused, and that, in particular, it might establish uniform law to be applied by the Federal courts in controversies between citizens of different States, and between citizens and aliens. C. F. Robinson writes on "The Mortgage Recording Tax"; J. B. Ross on "Agrarian Changes in the Middle West," showing that the drainage of rich prairie lands is producing a reverse current of migration from the West eastward; Prof. C. F. Emerick calls attention to "A Neglected Factor in Race Suicide"; Prof. W. M. Sloane concludes a series of studies on "Radical Democracy in France," and Prof. Edwin Maxey describes "The Reconstruction of Korea" by Japan. A leading review of Croly's "The Promise of American Life" is contributed by Prof. Royal Meeker.

The University of Berlin was founded in 1809, and in commemoration of this fact Prof. H. Wagner of Göttingen calls attention in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* to its notable contributions to our geographical knowledge by its professors during the first century of its existence. Those whose work is particularly described are Carl Ritter, characterized in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as "the greatest geographer of modern times"; H. Kiepert, Baron Ferdinand von Richthofen, and the present incumbent of the chair, Albrecht Penck.

The death is reported from Turin of Prof. Angelo Mosso, the physiologist, at the age of sixty-four. He received, 1899, from the *Accademia dei Lincei* the Grand Prix for his work on the circulation of the blood in the brain. He invented several medical instruments, founded the scientific institute on Monte Rosa, writing his results in connection with it in "*L'Uomo sulle Alpi*," and as an archæologist excavated in South Italy and Crete.

Drama

Percy MacKaye's satirical comedy "Anti-Matrimony" has been published (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) in attractive book form. A reading of it does not greatly modify the impression made by its recent performance on the stage. It is brightly written, contains many effective humorous and satirical strokes, and is sound in its ridicule of various social vagaries. But it is too crazy in its construction and too grotesquely violent in its incidents to have much theatrical or other value.

"God's Heroes" is the title of a five-act drama by Laura Clifford Barney which has been published (J. B. Lippincott Co.) with an elaboration of ornament altogether out of proportion to the value of the subject matter. Every page is illuminated with presumably symbolical Oriental designs. The story, which claims to be historical, deals with a modern Persian religious movement—apparently a semi-Christianized Mohammedanism—which is said to be spreading and has already had its martyrs. In that respect it is interesting, and it is plainly the product of a fervid enthusiasm, but it has no serious literary or dramatic value, and its influence is not likely to be widespread.

Henri Bataille's "The Foolish Virgin"

created somewhat of a sensation in Paris, when it was produced there last winter, but is not likely to prove successful here. The English version of it, given in the Knickerbocker Theatre, is of indifferent quality and the performance is distinctly poor. It is an essentially French piece, full of all sorts of emotional extravagances, which suffers much from the heavy-handed methods of the English speaking stage. In spite of its pretensions to serious social and philosophic purpose, it is only domestic melodrama, the exaggeration and inconsistency in both characters and incidents relegating it to this category. Its main thesis, apparently—for it deals sensationally with more motives than one—is that in cases of marital infidelity man is not always the seducer. Mr. Bataille might easily have provided a more plausible illustration of this indisputable proposition, if he had not been more anxious about theatrical effect than any sort of truth. He has imagined a school girl reared under the best domestic influences, daughter of a wealthy duke, who becomes the enslaver of a middle-aged barrister; and who, guided by passion alone, persists—in spite of warnings from father, mother, and her lover himself—in carrying him off from his devoted wife, and casting her own and everybody else's reputation to the winds. He has succeeded in making his heroine a wanton, but not in shifting one feather's weight of responsibility from the shoulders of the man. The deserted wife is resolute in the defence of her husband, stands by him in evil, as in good report, watches over him perpetually, excuses him as the victim of an irresistible power, interposes to save him from the hand of the avenger, and so demonstrates the nobility of her love that her rival becomes suddenly remorseful, and commits suicide, in order that the truant husband may be at liberty to return to his allegiance. There is much emotion, with some effective situations, in the story, but precious little truth of nature or life. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who enacts the superhuman wife, exhibits some striking outbursts of passion, but emphasizes the unnaturalness of the character by her mannerisms of speech and gesture. No discretion was shown in the choice of her supporting cast.

It is pleasant to note the return of comedy—very light but genuine comedy—to the stage of Wallack's Theatre. In "Pomander Walk," which was produced there on Tuesday evening, Louis N. Parker, in an interval of his labors as pageant master, provided an uncommonly fresh and pleasant entertainment in a form which in many respects may be said to be new even to veteran playgoers. His scene is a little red brick crescent of six practicable houses, which he has peopled with a group of personages who live their everyday life, as it were, in neighborly converse and exhibit their personal peculiarities in the course of their ordinary pursuits, without the least apparent consciousness of serving any dramatic purpose whatever. A small riparian suburban community is brought into the limelight for a day or two and then the curtain is dropped upon them and all is over. Two or three love stories are brought to a happy conclusion, just to give the necessary spice of romantic interest, but there is no trace of a plot, no harrowing emotion, no sensation, and no mystery. And the effect is singularly life-

like, untheatrical, and charming. The piece is in no way remarkable for literary brilliancy or novelty in characterization. There is no more straining after effect in the dialogue than in the incidents. But the underlying idea of it is as original as it is ingenious, and it opens up a new field for dramatic experiment. It is not necessary here to enter upon descriptive details. A brief synopsis would be unintelligible. The time of the action is supposed to be in 1805, which offers rich opportunities to the costumer. Among the principal personages are a choleric, jovial old admiral, one of Nelson's men, superbly played by that finished comedian, George Giddens; a retired butler, aping fashionable airs, excellently acted by Lennox Pawle; a shy musician, very well done by Reginald Dance, and half a dozen women of various types, all cleverly embodied. The general representation is notably competent. "Pomander Walk," in short, is delightful entertainment, and it was evidently enjoyed heartily by a very large audience.

John Masefield's tragedy, "Pompey the Great," which has just been acted by the Stage Society in London, appears to be an uneven work, in which passages of great beauty and nobility of ideal are mingled with anachronistic modernisms of all kinds, as if to show, in spite of Molière, that the ancients and the moderns are very much alike.

C. M. S. McLellan's play, "Judith Zaraine," will be produced here in Christmas-week, with the well-known English actress, Lena Ashwell, and Wilton Lackaye in the leading characters. The story deals with a labor crisis in a Pennsylvania town. A mill employing thousands of operatives has been forced out of business by a stronger rival, and the men are thrown on the street, filled with an intense bitterness against the powerful corporation. They are led by Judith Zaraine, who is one of the workers, and who centres her condemnation upon the head of David Murray, the guiding spirit in the Trust. The situation reaches the acute stage when troops are called out to protect the company's property. David Murray, who likes to do his thinking for himself, and to examine into conditions, visits Minetown, where he poses as a reporter for a New York paper, sent to cover the labor troubles. He interviews Judith, they become interested in each other, and their intercourse results in much mutual enlightenment. The end of the piece may be guessed.

The announcement has been made already in this journal that Marie Tempest is to be seen soon in the New Theatre as Becky Sharp in a version of "Vanity Fair" which is new to this country. It appears that she is also to enter upon a career of actor-manager, both in this country and in England. Here she will open proceedings next autumn in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, where she will produce, among other things, a piece dealing with vaudeville life by Paul Kester, entitled "The Bill Toppers," and a comedy by George Pastor, entitled "Clothes and the Woman."

Lewis Waller has agreed to give a scene from "Julius Caesar" in a London music hall. Soon he is to appear in a new play called "Bardeleys the Magnificent."

Charles Frohman will soon produce in London a new light comedy by W. Somerset Maugham. It is entitled "Loaves and

Fishes," and the principal part will be played by Irene Vanbrugh.

Ellen Terry has begun in the Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine* a series of articles on "Shakespeare's Heroines."

Music

Massenet and His Operas. By Henry T. Finck. New York: John Lane Co \$1.50 net.

It is strangely true, as Mr. Finck observes, that there was no English work on Massenet until the publication of the present volume. It is equally true that there was no widespread interest in the creations of the French Puccini till the indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein, seeking material with which to infuse individuality into his seasons at the Manhattan Opera House, hit upon the happy idea of giving Massenet's operas in a characteristically Parisian manner. Mr. Finck is justified in his assertion that the few scattered performances of "Werther," "Manon," and one or two other of Massenet's operas at the Metropolitan Opera House never focussed public attention upon the peculiar manner of this interesting French master. The presentation of "Manon," in the days when Jean de Reszke made an enchanting melodic personage of the Chevalier des Grieux, was one in which the work, as a whole, was prostituted to the office of glorifying two or three singers. There was something like real pathos in the one appearance of the unfortunate Sybil Sanderson in the title rôle, but her flitting across the operatic stage cast but a momentary shadow upon the glamour that went with the name of Jean de Reszke. Later, we heard the opera with other *prime donne*, but none of them even faintly suggested the real Manon.

Mr. Finck is most amiable in his comments on the present-day representatives of Manon and des Grieux at the Metropolitan. With all his kindness, he must feel in his heart that it is not an ideal French conception of the work that is offered to the public. He doubtless felt this when he was impelled to write comments showing that he placed the productions of Oscar Hammerstein above those of the Metropolitan Opera House. There can be no question that the juster appreciation of the value and the character of Massenet's operas dates from the night when Mary Garden revealed to New York her ravishing Thaïs. Mr. Finck recognizes the artistic importance of this incident and very properly accords to Hammerstein's productions of Massenet's works the first position in his volume. He deals with the Metropolitan performances afterward, and reserves for the final part of his book consideration of those operas which are not yet known to the American public.

The plan of the present book is simple and direct, and the work will undoubtedly serve excellently its purpose. Mr. Finck, by reason of his warm sympathy with the French school of opera and his high admiration for some of its leading interpreters, was precisely fitted to produce a book of this type. Without doubt, he could have subjected Massenet's art to a more searching and discriminating criticism, had he so chosen to do; but it is obvious that this would have been outside the scope of his present volume, which is plainly designed as a help to further public understanding of the nature and beauties of these charming operas. It is pleasant to find that he has not hesitated to pay a proper tribute to such impersonators of Massenet's people as Mary Garden, Dalmore, and Renaud. Nor has he forgotten how much the works owe in America to the insight and affection of Cleofonte Campanini, a conductor wonderfully free from racial or national prejudice and narrowness of view. Perhaps in the final estimate of things musical, whenever that shall be made, it will appear that Mr. Finck has not laid too much stress on the greatness of Maurice Renaud. In the lyric world, he is, indeed, a splendid artistic figure. His interpretation of the monk Athanael ought to live in operatic history as one of the most pathetic and poignantly tragic creations. Its perfect counterpart was his assumption of the rôle of the Friar Cook in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," an exquisitely poetic piece of human comedy, of which the gentle humor and fathomless sweetness of temper will assuredly remain perennially clear in the minds of thoughtful lovers of opera.

A few years ago Richard Strauss announced that he would write no more orchestral tone poems, but would confine himself to the operatic field. He has done so, yet he finds time meanwhile to dash off an occasional song. Melody is scarce in these products, wherefore it takes a vocalist of the Willner type to make them palatable. Strange to say there has been hitherto no collection of the Strauss lieder. This want is now supplied by "Forty Songs by Richard Strauss," just published by the Oliver Ditson Company. In accordance with the plan of the Musicians Library, to which this volume belongs, James Hunker, being the foremost American champion of Brahms, was engaged to select the songs and write an introduction; but why did he devote eight columns to that composer's career and his orchestral works and less than two columns to his songs? As a measure of their value this may be just, but in a special collection of these songs, and the first one, too, one would have welcomed more copious comments from one so well-informed and so enthusiastic—one who finds that Strauss is, in these lieder, "the patient, curious master of miniatures, the ivory worker of exotic shapes"—a characterization that seems more applicable

to Franz. Exception may also be taken to the statement that Strauss "knows Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms only to avoid them." Franz peeps at us from more than one page, and who, on hearing Strauss's "Morgen" (op. 27 No. 4), would ever suspect that anybody but Brahms could have written it? Grieg was in Strauss's memory when he penned "The Saffron" and "The Three Holy Kings." Two of the most popular songs—the "Serenade" and "Cécile"—are not included in Mr. Hunker's list. One wonders, also, why he excluded the songs in the comic vein, like "Herr Lenz" and "Für fünfzehn Pfennige"; but as it stands, the collection he made undoubtedly affords a good birds-eye view of the lyrics of Germany's most prominent composer.

David Bispham will give another all-English recital at Carnegie Hall, on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 3. The programme will include a group of modern songs, several excerpts from operas of Verdi and Wagner, and a recitation of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" music of Richard Strauss.

In Italy the most popular of Puccini's operas is "La Bohème," which was sung last year some five hundred times. In other European countries and in America, the favorite among his operas is "Madama Butterfly," which was given last year in seventy-three theatres in Germany alone. In France, according to *Comedia*, 833 performances of foreign operas were given between January, 1899, and January, 1910, at the Opéra Comique, and Puccini stood first, his "Bohème," "Tosca," and "Butterfly" having received in that period 390 representations, or nearly one-half the total number.

The popularity of Puccini and Wagner, and also of some of the older French composers — Bizet, Gounod, Massenet, Saint-Saëns—has moved the younger opera writers to form a "defensive and offensive league" for the purpose of obtaining more attention for their work. To this the authorities replied that their justification lies in the fact that the old familiar operas pay, while the French novelties do not. Lydia Lipkowska, who is to do Thaïs in Boston, says that Massenet has rearranged some of the music so that it will better suit her voice.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

The feature of the Academy exhibition at the Fine Arts Building is the memorial display of five Winslow Homers in the Middle Gallery. Lacking the specific preciousness of fine painting, these pictures are so nobly imagined, so simplified to the bones of the graphic theme, that they give far cleverer pictures the look of not much mattering. Surely the business of landscape and marine painting is to enhance the vision of the ordinary man, to give him some aspect or emphasis beyond his common visual experience. Unless the landscape painter enlarge and intensify my seeing, to what purpose does he paint?

Such a standard would give to a good deal of our landscape merely the value of a rest cure for the artistic temperament. Yet here and there something is being done. A group, who, for convenience, may be called the naturalists, has at least recovered a fresh and vigorous idiom in paint. Redfield, the most accomplished member, is not represented this year, but we have Ernest Lawson's tingling Harlem River, George Bellows's Blackwell's Bridge, with a surging blue tideway; Gardner Symons's River Gorge, and Cullen Yates's The Rising Fog. One could wish this last hung by the Winslow Homers. It has the assured pictorial quality that the naturalists generally lack. Most of them paint and see with a sort of impatience that too often ends in swagger and casual emphasis. They are alive and help one to see keenly, but there is strangely little modulation in their product. In America to-day, there is no cleverer contriver of the minimum indication that spells light, distance, texture, than Mr. Bellows. Yet his East River scene tends to fall apart and abounds in uncertain indications. Gardner Symons has ably caught the look of a mountain in afterglow beyond a shadowed river valley; has caught everything but the main thing, the sense of vast space and of a unifying atmosphere. Mr. Lawson permits us to look through a crystalline lens that intensifies the view. Such painting as his is in itself almost pictorial, but not quite. Cullen Yates gets his picture out of simple constituents. An eroded cut in the rock swings down to a lapping sea, the horizon of which is lost in mist. Dipping strata, largely drawn, and giving a sense of continuity with unseen rock systems, interlock at the turns of the little gorge. It is extraordinary that so blond a mass seen under masked sunlight can be so vigorous, and that so hemmed-in a view can give its sense of immensity. It is in this kind of rhythm that much good painting is deficient. Childre Hassam naturally falls into this group. In poor light his Summer Idyl, with its tiny figure set in a big oblong of highly schematized saplings, seemed monotonous. While the fine executants just mentioned have notably improved and invigorated the practice of landscape art among us, many will feel that the most enjoyable landscapes are still painted by men whose vision is perhaps more distinguished than their handling.

Here may be mentioned Groll's desert scene, with its fairly illusionary clouds poised in the middle distance; W. A. Coffin's A March Evening, with an immensity of cold sky encompassing a sombre upland; Leonard Ochtman's Morning in Early Summer, a delicate blending of silvery and tawny values. Ben Foster, in his picture of a weedy pool at Longpré, reveals a novel and interesting manner, but there is perhaps some lack of pictorial harmony between

the insistently realized water and the ghostly poplars beyond. William Ritschel's Night Shadows, the Grand Cañon, is one of the most ambitious and serious canvases shown. Its nearness to the Winslow Homers betrays the lack of characteristic and defining accent, or again it may be like many other landscapes the victim of a gloom cast by neighboring sky-scrapers. Charlotte Comans's Hills of Elizabethtown has a quiet and charming intimacy. William S. Robinson's Golden Days, which wins the Carnegie prize, is sumptuous in autumnal russets and ochres, but without distinction of arrangement.

As if in deference to the mighty shade of Winslow Homer, marine painting is somewhat in abeyance this year. Such strong men as Woodbury and Paul Dougherty are absent, so is Carlsen. Rehn and Bogert, from whom one expects better things, appear in rather sugary dilution. Henry B. Snell's Island, St. Ives, firmly set between a pale stretch of tidal sand and a lowering sky, and F. J. Waugh's colorful Harbor Cove in Sunlight, seem about the only contributions of note in this class.

In recent Academies street scenes, holiday crowds, have been prominent and good. This year the hanging committee has sternly set its face against these ephemeralities. Only Joseph Pennell, an accomplished master in this genre, occupies the line. Mr. Olinsky's illuminated Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice, has been sent to the "morgue," together with Ernest Lawson's Umbrellas, Coney Island. One can see that these are strong pictures, even by electric light, but only surmise that they are fine ones.

So long as the Academy has no wall space for large decorative designs, so long its representation of current figure painting will be merely fractional. We have this year the *plein-airistes* Dufner and Lillian Genth in agreeable but entirely familiar vein. George Bellows displays a new side of his versatile gift in a polo scene. It has not merely the rattle and rush of the subject, but is also well put together. Three very typical kinds of figure painting are represented by the president's contribution, a purely decorative, one might say calligraphic, arrangement of two female forms; by Kenyon Cox's A Book of Pictures, an academic performance in the best sense, and Charles W. Hawthorne's Refining Oil, which comes near the modern ideal of painting for paint's sake. Of Mr. Alexander's always debonair and graceful accomplishment no new word can be said. It has its roots, probably, in the rhythmical decorators of the past, the Venetians for choice, and it has taken eclectically the muted harmonies of the Whistler tradition. The result is a thing pictorially sure and invariably pleasing, but without great vigor or variety. It may be that

a hundred art students have already murmured "old hat" before Kenyon Cox's academic group. If so, let them reflect that a few thousand up-to-date art students will pass away before any of them will do anything nearly as good. Mr. Cox has succeeded, where he often fails, in striking an equilibrium of bright colors, the linear drawing of the group of mother and child is exquisite, and the expression is where the mob always refuses to look for it, not in the eyes and lips, but in the whole figure. The abstract merits of fine analytical design and learned arrangement are not much valued to-day. No more will the taste that loves hasty syncopations and specious approximations be much valued in some wiser tomorrow. Mr. Cox's picture is not worse, but better, because it recalls the blithe mastery of early Renaissance painting in Italy. Though Mr. Hawthorne has an excellent eye for character and some regard for arrangement in line and mass, his preoccupation is mainly with paint. And this is, so far as it goes, high commendation. But it means, too, that he exalts the grammar of his art a little at the expense of its rhetoric. It is the flashing of green glass and pottery in a dusky interior that this time has challenged his able brush. These indications of an evanescent reality he grasps and records with fine gusto. As mere painting it is very nearly of the best. If it fails to make an impressive pictorial effect, that may be partly because the arrangement is obvious and rather uninteresting, and even more because the scale is miscalculated. We have in the dimensions of life what is really a cabinet piece. The same careless attitude with regard to scale is shown in Mora's spirited study of young yachtsmen, which unkind fate has relegated to electric light. And while on the sore topic of the "Morgue," be it said that by a proper installation of reflectors the horrors of what one regrets to call The Academy Room could be mitigated. The Independents last winter had the same problem, and solved it with relative success.

A good deal of the portraiture of every year necessarily is what may be called official. Workmanlike up to a certain point, deserving of exhibition, it arouses neither enthusiasm nor dissent. This year there is little stirring among the portraitists, and the exhibition, if reduced to a single class, might best stand on such contributions as Tarbell's President Timothy Dwight, superior official portraiture; Louis Betts's forthright head of Gardner Symons; Mary Foote's very picturesque study of Mrs. John Carpenter in keen blue hat and pink coat; Wilton Lockwood's tense and reserved presentment of Dr. J. W. Elliot; Albert Rosenthal's Peggy MacRae, wholly winsome in port, and a lovely shimmer of dull lilac and rose; Lydia

Field Emmet's Portrait of a Lady, most aristocratically conceived, and, last but not least, MacCameron's profound and sympathetic interpretation of a young man of poetic type, and Blumenschein's charmingly natural and humorous delineation of Mme. G. MacCameron's paint has beautiful quality. With little polychromy he achieves the sense and depth of color much as Venetian portraitists did of old. Blumenschein has not merely an extraordinary eye for the accents that mean character, but also a sympathetic humor that evokes idiosyncrasy, without suggesting caricature. Last winter his striking portrait of a comedian did not win me. I thought it overemphatic. I must have been wrong; for this year I delight in an almost identical treatment of Mme. G. How piquant the awkward way in which she slants comfortably across the oblong, how diverting the harmony, Debussy type, of a magenta footstool, with a wrap just flushed with palest salmon pink, how engaging the sense of good humor, self-possession, and genial self-criticism! Mme. G. is documentary of a civilization. It is as good as reading a novel in Henry James's latest manner, to reflect that no well-to-do American woman would ever permit Mr. Blumenschein to tell this amount of interesting truth about her.

Wilton Lockwood's Peonies is an exquisite bit of painting. Perhaps nothing in the exhibition except Alden Weir's little girl, in Playmates, approaches it for distinguished conception and flawless execution.

About a hundred and fifty pieces of sculpture are set in the South Gallery, and the apparent compensation for crowding is that for the first time in many years the display is fairly representative. French's memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer and Karl Bitter's portrait of President Angell of the University of Michigan, both high reliefs, occupy the end walls. French's composition is symbolic: a matronly woman guides from behind a slight girl who carries the lamp of learning. The general motive is that of an Attic stele. The arrangement of the figures is rhythmical, and the sense of protection and guidance is feelingly given. The relief is a good example of the studied grace of French's best work, and is a worthy memorial of the one-time president of Wellesley. Karl Bitter's presentment of President Angell is genial and evidently an excellent portrait. It hardly fills a space which in parts is overburdened with small accessories, but in its destined architectural setting the proportions may come right. James Earl Fraser's capital marble of a baby's head, and a finely posed nude called Grief, are from the point of view of craftsmanship among the more attractive displays. Three portrait heads by Grafly show a severe simplicity of modelling which is instinct

with style. He has highly developed the sense of artistic economy, a rare merit. In contrast with this method, a young English sculptor, Theodore Spicer-Simpson, works out his bronze head of the late Moncure D. Conway in all detail, without losing the specific sense of intellectual melancholy. The work recalls not unworthily the famous Hellenic idealization of Homer. A group of portraits by Edith Woodman Burroughs and a marble portrait head by Evelyn Longman show kindred qualities of elaborate and sensitive modelling.

F. J. M., JR.

"Notes on the Post-Impressionist Painters (Grafton Gallery, 1910-11)," by C. J. Holmes, will be issued immediately by Lee Warner.

The sculptor Charles Verlet, professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, has been elected successor to Emmanuel Frémiet at the Académie des Beaux-Arts, after a spirited contest going to nine ballots.

A reproduction has been made by Dr. Gerolamo Calvi, under the auspices of the R. Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere at Milan, of Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on the nature of water, which is in the library of the late Earl of Leicester at Holkham.

In the Church of S. Martino a Strada, near Florence, has been found a large fresco of the Annunciation which is ascribed to Spinello Aretino.

A family legacy has added to the Louvre collection a series of more than sixty works of the elder Isabey (Jean Baptiste). It greatly supplements the known work of this portrait painter of the Revolution, Constituant, Directory, Empire, Bourbon Restoration, and Louis Philippe's monarchy. Isabey died in Paris in 1855, at the age of eighty-eight, and he painted to within a few years of that time. The new acquisitions begin with the artist's own portrait, painted at eighteen (1786); he already wears the hat which has since been identified with Bonaparte. From 1789 we have a crayon portrait of David, in whose studio young Isabey was working. There is a vignette of 1791, representing the luckless little Dauphin at his promenade near the Château of Meudon. There is a probable portrait of the Revolutionist, Collet d'Herbois; Madame de Staël, at thirty, with attractive looks belying the tradition of her ugliness; a septia of Napoleon at Notre Dame; Josephine, Hortense, Madame Mère, the baby King of Rome, fifteen days old, and Marie Louise a year later; Talleyrand and Metternich in 1812; Josephine as retired Empress; Prince Eugène, Louis XVIII, Paul I of Russia, Duc de Bordeaux (future Comte de Chambord or "Henry V") as a boy in 1830; Dufaure, who lived to be Thiers's minister under the Third Republic, as he was in 1841, when he was a member of Thiers's cabinet, under Louis Philippe, and many unofficial celebrities in between.

An album, "La Peinture Chinoise au Musée Guimet" (Paris: Paul Geuthne, in the series of Annales du Musée Guimet), by Tchen yi-tchou and J. Hackin, reproduces some notable works from a late exhibition of Chinese paintings. It is pre-

faced by an excellent short history of Chinese painting; and its alphabetical index of painters is praiseworthy for being accompanied by the Chinese characters. Reproductions in the Japanese art review, *Kokka*, made known some time ago the rich collections of such paintings in Japan, and showed the inspiration caught from them by Japanese artists. The late Empress Dowager presented to M. Guimet two particularly noteworthy landscapes. One, by Tchao Po-kin of the eleventh century, has a delightful impressionist effect: the sun is setting behind a mountain whose base plunges in water from which mists are rising, while the summit is still in the golden light. There is a finely executed court scene by the Emperor Siuan-ho (twelfth century); paintings in camaieu of Tchao-Mongfou (thirteenth century); landscapes of Tang-hi (fourteenth century); a magnificent warrior leaning on his sword, and various Buddhist or Taoist personages (seventeenth century); sample sketches from life, from which Chinese artists prepare the portraits of ancestors, showing great truth of expression. There are also rubbings from more ancient engravings on stone, reproducing among other subjects a portrait of Confucius, by Wou-Tao-tseu (eighth century), and similar reproductions of the works studied by Professor Chavannes of the Collège de France, in his book on Chinese sculpture, in stone, of the Han dynasties (tenth century). Besides its human and historic interest, all this opens new vistas in the technical history of art and art processes.

Another step forward has been taken in bringing forth from the shadows of documentary hints and expert's conjectures, a "maitre de Moulins," as successor of Fouquet, painter of earliest Bourbons. A drawing in the Louvre collection, hitherto catalogued as Flemish of the fifteenth century, was swung round to this unknown artist at the exhibition of French primitives in 1904. Last May, at the Lanna sale, in Prague, the Louvre acquired a drawing (No. 199), on a leaf numbered "xxxiii," and torn from the same album as certain other designs which were dispersed at the Klinkosch sale in 1889. These have been attributed by Sir W. M. Conway to Gérard David, and as such the Lanna leaf was sold. Now, by comparison with other Louvre drawings and paintings, it is going to swell the mysterious master's claims to existence and fame.

A sixteen years' discussion of the authenticity and priority of two similar pictures of Leonardo da Vinci—Our Lady of the Rocks in the National Gallery, London, and La Vierge des Rochers in the Louvre, Paris—seems to be finally settled by Salomon Reinach in a communication, made to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, of documents from the notarial archives at Milan. The French picture was painted by Leonardo at Florence before 1483. In April of that year he received an order from Milan for a Virgin with two prophets, and he took the two Milanese brothers De Pretis to aid him in accessory details. With his usual dilatoriness, he delivered the painting only in 1492; but, instead of prophets, he had painted a Virgin and Child with the Angel and St. John, in other words, a replica with a few varia-

tions of his Florentine picture. It is the Milanese picture which is in the National Gallery. It was painted with the help of Ambrogio de Pretis, probably, says M. Reinach, because Leonardo was overlaid with other work. If this version is accepted, Messrs. Claude Phillips and MacColl come out best among the critics who have taken part in the controversy. Sir Edward Poynter was all at sea in his identification of the different periods of Leonardo's art. Something yet more severe should be said of Richter and Müntz, who led the attack on the British picture, disparaging Leonardo at the same time. It will be remembered that a previous communication of M. Reinach showed from similar documentary sources the futility of such art criticism about Leonardo's Mona Lisa as "the ineffable, mysterious, plaintive, and haunting smile that had fascinated and perplexed the world century after century in the portrait of La Gioconda!"

Finance

CHAPTERS IN HIGH FINANCE.

To a rather unusual degree, the Wall Street community has displayed interest in the rearrangement of membership in the firm, announced by J. P. Morgan & Co., whereby George W. Perkins, a partner since 1901 and a leading figure in the spectacular finance of the ensuing decade, retires, and two new partners of highly conservative antecedents are admitted—W. H. Porter, now president of the Chemical Bank, and T. W. Lamont, vice-president of the First National. The public's particular ground for interest was undoubtedly the great place which this banking house has filled in American financial history during the decade past. In the financial world, personalities play at times as large a rôle as events; indeed, when one reviews the notable chapters in recent Wall Street history, it is not easy to say which is the more important key to the story of the period—the influence of personalities on events, or the influence of events on personalities. No doubt the conspicuous individual achievements in the financial history of years like 1901 and 1906 and 1908 and 1909 would have been impossible but for the particular underlying conditions in each of the four years. But, on the other hand, it is extremely doubtful if events would have shaped themselves exactly as they did, on any of the four occasions, but for the personal qualities, ideas, methods, and influence of the conspicuous financial leaders.

The history of the world's great banking houses, in this and in former generations, is a fascinating study. But it is apt to be difficult to discover from it just how large a part, in any given instance, the individuality of partners played. From the beginning of great financial operations, the power and prestige of such a house depended also on

the private capitalists with whom it could surround itself. Sometimes, membership of that surrounding group has been the focus of public interest, rather than membership of the banking house which acted for it. But, on the other hand, there are numerous instances where the leadership of the banking house itself has been of so vigorous and personal a character as to obscure completely the individuality of outside capitalists numbered in its following.

The familiar episode of Mayer Anselm Rothschild's getting his start in high finance through safeguarding the Elector of Hesse-Cassel's fortune after Jena, and returning it with interest nine years later, in the Waterloo year, was an individual achievement. But the great place which his five sons acquired in European national finance resulted much more obviously from their power of massing the financial resources of their race. Nobody but the Rothschilds could have defeated, as punishment for the expulsion of the Jews, Russia's extensive plans of 1892 for borrowing in Paris; yet that action was hardly a matter of individual initiative. It was action by the group. But the bold and aggressive stand taken by Nathan Mayer Rothschild in defence of British public credit, during the darkest days of the Napoleonic period, was a personal achievement; even his associates began to criticise him as a man who took rash chances.

As a rule, the high traditions of great houses have been sustained through a series of generations; yet even in this there have been exceptions. Walter Bagehot pays the highest tribute to the older members of the great London banking house of Overend, Gurney & Co.; but he adds that, later on, "the rule in it passed to a generation whose folly surpassed the usual limit of imaginable incapacity." This led to 1866. The inside history of the house of Baring Brothers has not been convincingly written. That house, too, was a family institution, and the family was and still is a very remarkable one; Lord Cromer, the financial administrator of Egypt, is one of its members in the later generation. But something went very seriously astray with the business judgment of the house in 1889 and 1890. The episode was the more extraordinary in that the natural following of the house in Lombard Street was drawing cautiously away from Argentine investments, at the very hour when Baring Brothers were underwriting and bringing out loan after loan for the Buenos Ayres government.

Among financial houses of the really highest grade, commercial death has been extremely rare. But changes in relative position of such houses are constantly going forward. The house of Morgan cut no such large figure in New York finance, two or three decades ago,

as it does to-day. In the United States government's operations in the money market of 1878 and 1879, August Belmont & Co. easily held the centre of the stage. Probably Wall Street would say that the successive steps which really gained for the Messrs. Morgan their more recent commanding position were the government bond syndicate operation of 1895, the railway reorganizations of 1897 and the railway combinations afterward, and the industrial recapitalizations of 1901. These were in very large measure individual achievements, made possible by the remarkable personality of the head of the house. One of the interesting problems of the day is, whether the country itself may not have passed into a new economic era, which will give no further opportunity for achievements of that peculiarly spectacular character. If so, the great finance houses will have different problems of policy to solve.

However this may be, the century or so in which high finance on the modern scale has prevailed, in Europe and America, has established at least these principles: First, continued maintenance of a great position of the sort, by any banking house, depends on continuance of absolute public confidence in its character, capacity, and financial judgment. Beyond this, it is essential that the career of such a house should be marked by continuing achievement in large affairs—along the lines, however, of real conservatism. That such attributes will be largely created by the personality of those who direct the great financial houses, is the teaching of all the century's history; and that explains why financial markets watch with the largest interest all changes which come, in the vicissitudes of time, to the membership of such houses.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American and English Genealogies in the Library of Congress. Preliminary catalogue. Washington.

Bingham, C., and Thompson, C. H. The Airship in Animal Land. Dutton.

Bjornson, B. Sigurd Slembe. Translated by W. M. Payne. Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. \$1.50 net.

Financial.

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De Menil, A. N. Forest and Town: Poems. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. \$1.25 net.

Dolly Darling and her Pretty Clothes: Model and Painting Book for Children. Dutton.

Dryden. Poems of John Dryden. Edited by John Sargeant. Frowde.

Dutton's Holiday Annual. 23d Year. Verses and stories illustrated.

Easy Opera Melodies for the Piano; Opera Transcriptions for the Piano; Encore Songs (high voice). Ditson. 50 cents each.

Fea, A. Old English Houses. Scribner. \$3 net.

Fishberg, M. The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment. Scribner. \$1.50.

Guyot, Y. Economic Prejudices. Trans. by F. Rothwell. Scribner. \$1.

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